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THE BYSTANDER May 10, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Fayer

Viscount Brackley and Lady Diana Percy

The biggest wedding of last month, and of the year so far, was that at Westminster Abbey between the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's only son and the late Duke of Northumberland and the Duchess of Northumberland's younger daughter. The Primate officiated, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, twenty-four ushers showed the two thousand guests to their places, there were fifteen attendants for the bride, eight royal wedding presents were received—headed by that of the King and Queen (the bride's mother is the Queen's Mistress of Robes)—and Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise were at the Abbey and the reception at Syon House, the Thames-side palace near Brentford, whence Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen. The wedding—announced last year, cancelled and then re-announced—like the wedding of the bride's elder sister to Lord Clydesdale, unites two large land-owning families of the Border country

The Duchess of Kent Visits the Navy

Last week the Duchess of Kent went down to Plymouth for two busy days; she laid the foundation-stone of the city hospital £225,000 extension, visited the Dockyard, the Royal Naval Barracks at Keyham, attended the Lord Mayor's Ball, and so on. This group was taken at Admiralty House, where she stayed: (left to right) Earl Fortescue, Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire; Flag-Lieut.-Com. W. St. J. Ainslie; Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, wife of the C.-in-C. and the Duchess's hostess; Captain the Hon. C. P. Hermon-Hodge; H.R.H.; Paymaster-Captain J. Dent; Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C.; the Countess of Brecknock, who was in waiting on the Duchess of Kent

Inauguration Journey—

Mr. Robert Spear Hudson, Secre- Britain's most peripatetic minister and Baltic States) has arrived in in the World's Fair; he left Lon- Comptroller-Gen. of his departmen [For pictures of the "Bystander's"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By Edward Mordant

I WAS at a luncheon in one of the rooms on the Harcourt Terrace, in the House of Commons. I do not mention this in order to establish my important social connections, or, on the other hand, to excite commiseration on my unfortunate choice of a restaurant. It is merely to record the fact that at a certain period during lunch a strange quacking was audible from the far end of the very long room. It sounded as though Donald Duck were making a continuous series of interventions, and thereby arresting the serious topics upon which the lunchers were engaged. Finally, I so far forgot my manners as to leave the table and discover how Donald had forced his way into the room.

I discovered a wireless, concealed behind a screen, which was solemnly grinding out the Fuehrer's speech. I need hardly say that I had not intended to disparage that great figure by the analogy which had forced itself unconsciously upon my mind. But having once admitted the disrespectful thought, it did occur to me that the Walt Disney character was in one sense a very fair comment on Herr Hitler's interference in the European harmony.

THE Government's decision to introduce a measure of compulsory National Service for the young men in their twentieth year is admittedly a revolution in English life. Nobody—least of all the Prime Minister—expected that such a declaration would ever be made until it had been sanctioned by war itself or a decision reached as a result of a General Election. Nevertheless, it is already abundantly clear that the country as a whole has taken the decision in its stride. It would obviously be difficult, in launching the scheme, to avoid all appearance of injustice, but I think we can rest assured that everything that can be done to safeguard the careers of all the people affected will be done.

ONE incidental point to which attention has not been much directed in the Press is the probable effect of the measure on unemployment. It does not, of course, follow that the taking of about 200,000 men off the labour market will necessarily leave that number of jobs vacant. In some cases it will not be necessary to fill the vacancy. In others, rearrangement in the factory or place of business may for the instant make a new appointment unnecessary. But on the whole, it is likely that a considerable number of older men will be absorbed as a result of this new measure, with a corresponding and very satisfactory decline in the unemployment totals. And the need to equip the additional forces will add still further to the employment created by the general rearmament programme.

Heaven knows that this is the last source from which any of us would seek increased work, but at least we can congratulate ourselves on the tragic fact that out of this nettle danger we are plucking this flower employment.

ANOTHER fact of first-rate importance which emerged during the past week is that the National Service campaign has in its own unspectacular way been a first-class success. It was announced that since the inception of the campaign over a million applications had been received, and more than 600,000 actual enrolments effected. Both these figures, it is certain, will have been largely increased as a result of the events of the last fortnight.

MAY DAY passed without any serious protest from any quarter against the new proposals. It is curious that the old day for the pagan celebration of spring should have become in many countries an occasion for political demonstration of quite a different kind. I expect that there is some reason for this which

Four Days Late

tary of Overseas Trade Department and at present (recent trips included Balkan New York to open the British Pavilion don, seen off by Sir Quintin Hill, (here), four days after the Fair opened. Fair coverage, turn to pp. 210-211]

Actor at a Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss were guests at the huge wedding of Viscount Brackley and Lady Diana Percy. They waited not too hopefully for their car as the crowd poured out of Westminster Abbey into an even larger crowd of sightseers

Economist-Industrialist at the Private View

Lord and Lady Stamp came smiling out of Burlington House, after looking at this year's sample of British art as presented by the Royal Academy. As a railwayman (chairman of the L.M.S.) Lord Stamp may also have smiled over the increased horse-power tax on cars : motorists anyhow gloomily prognosticate empty roads and full trains as a result

has never come to my notice. For my part, I can hardly believe that even in Elizabethan times there was much dancing round the maypole on that day. I am perfectly convinced that if weather statistics had been available for the sixteenth century, it would have been discovered that the miserable record of that day throughout my lifetime was fully maintained. I expect that it snowed on about ten per cent. of the May Days, rained on sixty per cent. more, and had a hailstorm on the remaining thirty per cent. There is nothing sufficiently tough to say about the pranks of that day in my experience, and while I am on the subject of climate, I can say that I should like to give the weather of the last fortnight of April as a present to Herr Hitler.

But, frozen and furious as I congenitally am in the joyless month of May, I can still wonder at the effects of time combined with the outstanding gentleness of the English character. Dr. Leyds, once Paul Kruger's secretary, attained his eightieth birthday at Menton a few days ago. The event was greeted in the English Press with respectful interest and benevolent references to the aged statesman. It is possible—and, indeed, probable—that the writers were born after the Boer War was over. Indeed, I have the increasing impression that there is nobody left alive approximately as old as I am. But even so, it is a charming miracle that a man whose name was the object of the bitterest derision and hatred during that vexed and ugly period should have lived to find himself accepted as an interesting news item.

Even at their grimmest the English papers treated the generals in the field, Botha and de Wet, with respect. Indeed, the famous guerilla general was the subject of innumerable and good-tempered jokes at a time when we had very little reason to make jokes about anything, except our own follies. But Dr. Leyds was regarded with extreme loathing as a dangerous and persistent intriguer against the Empire. Actually, the truth probably was that he was a very good servant of his country, and therefore not acceptable to another country with which it was at odds.

But this rather charming incident should help us to provide an answer to the query why it is that the English think that they are of importance in the world. The answer, without pomp or presumption, would be that they bring good temper and good manners into spheres of life where both these have for long been regarded as non-Aryan vices. Since it is difficult to deny the fact that the English are at least as Aryan as all the other mixed races of Europe, their character is a substantial contribution to quiet in the world.

Aimed rather at disturbing than encouraging quiet was the revival of the play, *An Englishman's Home*, at Wimbledon Theatre. This play had a chequered career when it was first placed on the London stage just before the war. Its object was to reinforce Lord Roberts's warnings, and to awaken England to the dangers which threatened it. The Government were a little afraid lest it should be regarded by possible adversaries as unduly provocative. Accordingly, they insisted on the censorship of certain lines.

The ever-memorable Follies, in order to indicate their view of the Government's action, produced a potted version which was intended to parody both the original play and the Government. To Pelissier's great and merited irritation, not the Government, but the owners of the original play, censored him, which naturally reminds me of a couplet in "The Alphabet of the Theatre" under the letter "C," which runs :

C is the Censor, who keeps the stage clean
By ruling out God and the Crown as obscene.

The play followed hard on the heels of Barrie's great success, *What Every Woman Knows*. It was the Russian Ambassador who observed of *An Englishman's Home*, which indicated complete incompetence and unreadiness in the English, that the title of the play would more appropriately have been *What Every German Knows*.

I do not propose to speculate on the interior of the German mind, but I do wonder whether every German knows what happened at a recent operatic performance in a famous German town. For my part, provided I am not compelled ever to see it, I have no objection to opera. If I had my way, all opera singers would be banned for thirty years, and all the scores of all the operas would, if possible, be destroyed. But, as I say, apart from this slight feeling, I have nothing against opera. I mean, that if other people want to go, I should not actually make it a criminal offence.

Being, therefore, quite dispassionate in the matter, I read with some interest that at a recent performance of one of the more absurd of these shows, a super had dropped a lance upon the head of one of the singers, a person of eminent bulk, who, incidentally, fell flat. The emotion engendered in the mind of her equally considerable colleague by this event led to a second large form lying prostrate on the stage. Apparently, though this is not certain, the second leading lady carried down with her in her fall a member of the chorus and some of the scenery. The stage was then converted into a perfect shambles, and there was no recourse for the startled management but to ring down the curtain.

If the Germans do not know that a cure has been found for opera by some spirited inventor in their own country, I take this opportunity of informing them of the fact, and congratulating them as a nation.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Sir Edmund and Lady Findlay

Sir Edmund and Lady Findlay also went to hear Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" sung in German, its first Covent Garden performance since 1907. Sir Edmund Findlay is M.P. for Banffshire, and proprietor of the "Scotsman"

Lady Elizabeth Paget, Mrs. Richard Tauber

Lady Elizabeth Paget was at the opening night at Covent Garden with her fiancé, Raimund von Hofmannsthal. In the interval she talked to Mrs. Richard Tauber, whose husband was the hero of the evening's opera, "Die Verkaufte Braut"

Viscountess Garnock

Mrs. Claude Leigh arrived back the Covent Garden first night. On Garnock, whose husband is the the Scots Guards. Lord Lindsay

A CHARITY COCKTAIL PARTY

Miss Cole, Miss Dunn, Lady Iris

A WESTMINSTER ABBEY WEDDING

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox and her daughter, the Marchioness of Titchfield, went together to the wedding of Viscount Brackley and Lady Diana Percy (see frontispiece). Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox's nephew, Captain George Gordon-Lennox, was one of the twenty-four ushers

Lady William Scott and her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, went together to Westminster Abbey, and then down to Syon House at Brentford, where the Duchess of Northumberland held the reception after her daughter's wedding

Mr. David Yorke, younger son of the Hon. Yorke, and the Hon. Eileen Brougham more of the two thousand Brackley—Percy guests, each of whom had an invitation-card Westminster - Brentford route printed on

and Mrs. Claude Leigh

from Egypt just in time for her way in she talked to Lady Earl of Lindsay's heir and is in succeeded his brother in January

A CHARITY BALL

The Earl and Countess of Jersey

Lord and Lady Jersey were at the Dockland Ball, one of the big, gay and smart charity balls, held at the Dorchester in aid of the Dockland Settlements. Lady Jersey arrived back from an American visit not long ago

The Capel Sisters and Viscount Long

"Bootlegging" at the ring-and-bottle sideshow at the Dockland Ball were June and Anne Capel, the pretty daughters of the Countess of Westmorland. Clasping a bottle of champagne and peering at the result of June Capel's throw was Lord Long

Mountbatten

Left: Valerie Cole, Barbara Dunn, and Lady Iris Mountbatten are three of the young committee who helped to organise the premiere of "Midnight" at the Plaza to-morrow night, in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital

Social Register

The Season Opens with the Opera and the Academy

AT THE ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW

This year, Private View Day gave the season its official opening three days before the opera started. Like most other people, the Duchess of Roxburghe went to it in a fur coat, which she wore with a wool dress and a felt hat

Lady Alexander never fails in the splendour of her dress on all really important occasions. The greyness of Private View Day was shamed by her embroidered velvet, trimmed with fox, and her near-picture hat of ostrich feathers

Lady Marguerite Strickland took her Alsatian, Saxon, to Burlington House, where, however, dogs are as little permitted as umbrellas. She too wore furs, and a long veil over her long bobbed hair and long fringe

Claud were two wedding with the the back

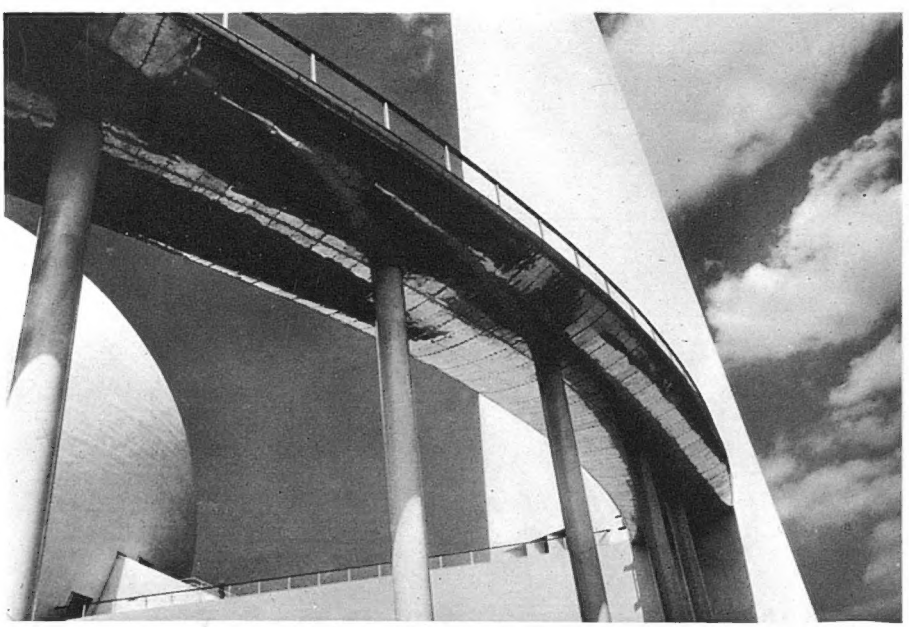
The "Bystander" visits

The World's Fair at New York

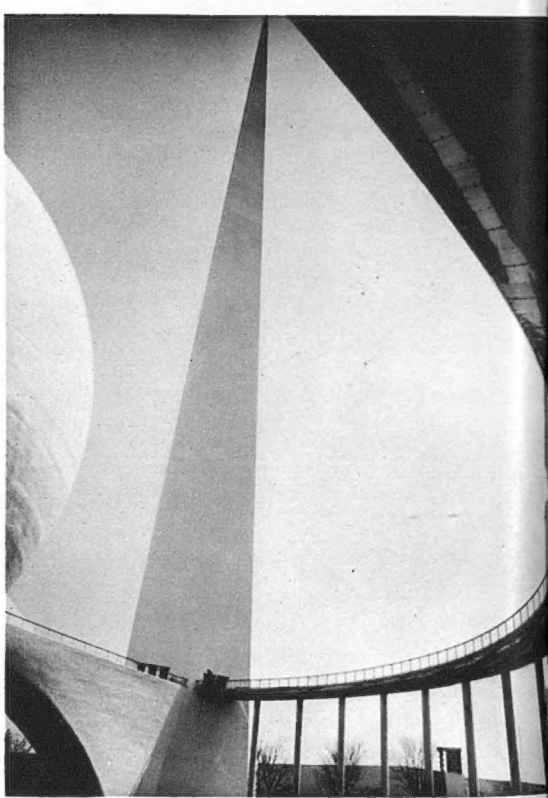
On a damp day—the last in April—President Roosevelt drove out to the 1216-acre site on Long Island, ten miles from Manhattan, and declared the New York World's Fair open. Though the Fair's inception was three and a half years ago—its site being then marshy, waste land—and though Grover Whalen's men made a feverish last-week push, the opening day did not find the Fair complete. Nevertheless, New York is settling down to a summer invasion, the turnstiles at the Fair's ten gates are clicking and one of the clicks was made by photographer Norman Parkinson, who took a week-end in New York to record the Fair for the *Bystander*. In the next weeks his pictures will appear, and to begin with, here are four of the Fair's theme centre, its "perisphere," its "helicline," its "trylon" (see captions). Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

***Statuary** in plaster, of a semi-symbolic character—noble or playful—is liberally dotted about the Fair; these goddesses will watch for several months the New Yorkers and their guests gaping at the theme centre. Behind are several of the Fair's hundred specially designed greyhound buses for the major routes. Other transport are tractor trains, electric taxis*



***The helicline** is the pathway arc that leads up to the trylon, whence, across the bridge in the background, visitors enter the perisphere to view democracity (the four fancy words were coined specially for the Fair). The helicline ramp is supported on steel pillars, has a gleaming stainless steel underside, is fenced with glass, bears the world's longest electric moving-staircase*



***The bridge** between the trylon and perisphere is better seen in this view of the theme centre, also the sweep of the helicline and its pillars*

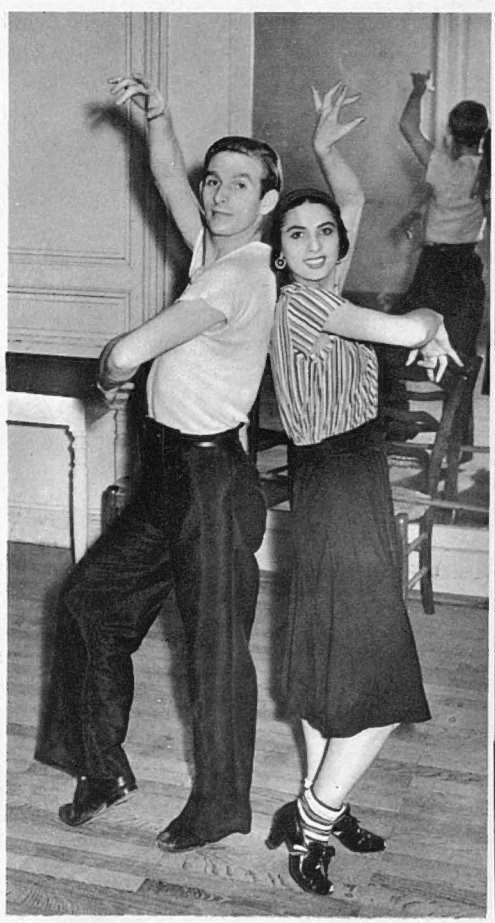
***The perisphere and trylon** are the symbol and centre of the Fair. The trylon (triangular pylon), seven hundred feet high, typifies "the Fair's lofty purpose"; the perisphere (containing globe) holds "democracity," a model metropolis of the future, cunningly made to seem floating in space, viewed from revolving platforms above it. The fundamental triangle and sphere design of this theme centre has broken out in most commodities of American life—from petrol tins to cuff-links* ➔

Entertainment

Making up *her coiffure is part of a bedroom scene in Luise Rainer's English debut which may cause comment—though London has already a strong dose of female intimacy in "The Women." The play, Jacques Deval's "Behold the Bride," opened in Manchester on May Day, comes to the Shaftesbury on May 23, with a second-night gala in aid of Women's Welfare Centres*

Making up *for the part of the simple village maiden in "The Bartered Bride" is Hilde Konetzni, Viennese diva, who shares honours with Tauber in the Covent Garden production of Smetana's opera. "The Bartered Bride" opened the season last week before Queen Mary and a brilliant audience (first-night pictures on pp. 208-209), will be given again to-night*

Making up *their differences are Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, whose quarrel disrupted for a time the famous comedy partnership and dismayed numbers of fans who were used to this sort of pose of off-duty palliness; now the poses and the partnership recommence for a French film, "The Aviators," after which they will return to work with Hal Roach*



The real thing *in ballet is here demonstrated at a practice by Frederick Franklin, Liverpool boy who has reached the front rank of dancers, and Nathalie Krasovska, members of René Blum's Ballets de Monte Carlo who are now in the middle of their "home-town" season. Argentinita is taking rehearsals of the Spanish dances in Massine's ballet "Capriccio Espagnole"*

The take-off *of ballet, always a simple but effective laugh, is demonstrated by Hermione Baddeley as Mme. Allova and Cyril Ritchard as Harold Helpmeet in "The Creaking Princess," part of Farjeon's Little Revue (reviewed opposite). Compare this pose with pictures of the Vic-Wells' "Sleeping Princess" in recent issues of the "Bystander," if you have them*

Being entertained, *and not entertaining like the others on this page, was the aim of Mr. Stewart and Lady Alma Jolly at the Montmartre Ball at the Dorchester, given in aid of the Royal School for the Blind, Swiss Cottage. She is Mary Lady Clancarty's daughter, was Lady Alma Trench before her marriage a year ago come June*

The Theatre

The "Little Revue" (Little)

WE all know the intimate revue that is like a family racket on the stage. The sketch and lyric writers have clearly been unable to agree with each other, or with the composer, upon the total effect aimed at; and the actors, you can see, are really confident only when they are "gagging." But Herbert Farjeon's *Little Revue*, now filling the Little Theatre, speaks with one voice. There is a single mind behind it. An author, not a committee, discourses with neat, allusive wit upon subjects of his own choice, and he is careful to see that what he has to say suits the range and tone and style of his chosen instruments. The result is an entertainment (having all the colour and movement and gaiety proper to revue) to which it is possible to listen with a growing sense of intimacy, as we might listen to a good talker inviting us to chuckle, and once or twice to sigh over the silly side of things.

ALMOST the first of his subjects is the dressing-room cattiness of artists who are about to join forces in a joyous assault on the gravity of an audience, but most of this seemingly witty sparring between Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard is trampled down and blotted out by the late-comers. "I wish we were in *Nine Sharp*, Cyril," says the leading lady darkly. But with any luck we can all get an uninterrupted line on the second subject, which is a bringing up to date of the old jest that Tory papers are staffed by ardent Liberals, Liberal papers by crusted Tories. It is Miss Prune who congratulates Mr. Prism on a paper full of very nice rapes, and Fast and Luce who congratulate each other in lurid terms on having kept yet another issue as pure as the driven snow. The revue passes on to deal with the sublime indifference of the snobbish American momma to the nature of what goes into the melting-pot so long as it is European and princely. It raps club cricketers smartly over the knuckles, does satirical justice for the first time to the snobbery which is based on a knowledge of London bus-routes, has a resounding crack at the even touchier snobbery which is based on an incurably ailing constitution, brightly hits up the Chamberlain umbrella and comes down with full operatic honours on the glorious expensiveness of Glyndebourne. In "Prussic Classics" regular readers of this page may recognise three or four of Herbert Farjeon's notices which have been nicely envenomed, turned into verse and set to music, "The Answer's a Lehmann," certainly the most acid of them, being perhaps the funniest. And to show that the satirist has a heart, there is a genuinely affecting picture of a desperately striving schoolgirl who gets nothing right and would rather be ill, a brilliant etching of Lambeth sinister side up and delicately nostalgic Irish and Viennese interludes.

THIS carefully planned revue loses nothing in its execution. The author and his composer, who is Walter Leigh, are well attuned. Hermione Baddeley is brilliantly equal to every occasion. Her invalid wintering at Torquay and proudly displaying the X-ray trophies of her many and acute illnesses is perhaps the most perfect flavoured of her studies, but her wildly fiddling play-gypsy-play Magyar, her tottering ballerina, her intolerably knowing Cockney wife are very nearly as rich in observation and wit. Cyril Ritchard expresses various shades of silliness with all his usual aplomb. And Joyce Grenfell, challenging Ruth Draper on her own pitch, pinks so many elusive targets that she must be said to carry off the acting honours of this gay and intelligent entertainment. A. V. C.

Beau—1912 vintage: Cyril Ritchard

Homework victim: Betty Ann Davies

Sketches by Rouson

Just an old gypsy queen: Hermione Baddeley

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

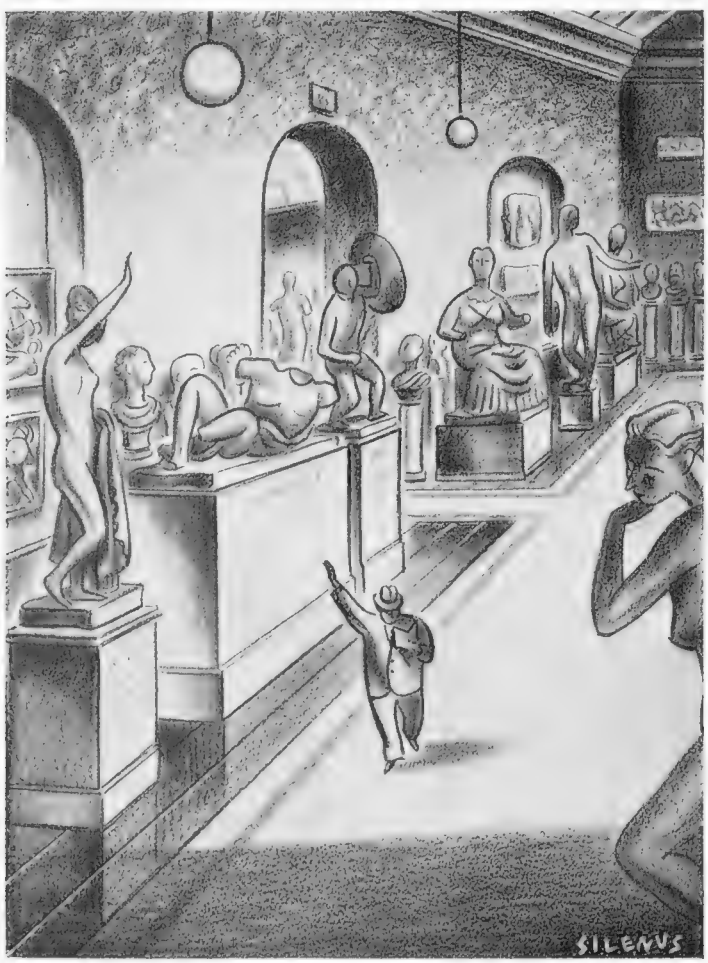
PIGEONS trained to settle at the proper (or last) moment on salient points of a naked cutie's dancing torso will make New York World's Fair a sure-fire business proposition after all, we were relieved to read last week. Miss Sally Rand, who first capitalised American nudity with the aid of an ostrich-feather fan, is far away in California, turning San Francisco Fair into a riot with her "nude ranch." Miss Rosita Royce and her birdies will do the same in New York, earning a vote of thanks from Congress even if they never get it. Those domed and glittering palaces, those cloud-capped towers will not have been built in vain, and Mr. Barney Seale's angry streamlined lion can ramp over the British Pavilion with a grunt of relief, conscious that its eminent creator's massive frame did not expend all that energy and agility for nothing.

One can't help feeling the late Empire Exhibition at Glasgow might not have been the flop it was if its organisers had used their heads like Mr. Grover Whalen's boys, remembering that a free and enlightened citizenry would rather look at bosoms than at even the best Empire butter or the most entrancing bits of machinery. This, as Kipling's Babu would say, is axiomatic. Half-a-dozen well selected strip-tease babies could have compensated largely for those quaint licensing and other eccentricities which kept so many thousands away from the Vienna of the North. Moreover, the Strip-Tease Selection Committee, consisting of fifty or so hard-faced captains of industry, could have been filmed daily in action, showing the astonished public that those iron pans are not always as cruelly inhuman as they look in the financial supplements.

"No; you try some of mine, dad"

Imbroglio

CHELSEA, whose inhabitants don't know what to do in an air raid—nor does anybody else in these islands, of course—seems to be getting more fun, rather unwillingly, out of this amusing A.R.P. business than most people. According to the Town Clerk twenty pairs of oilskin "decontamination" trousers may arrive on a given day with one hundred ditto jackets, a couple of score of assorted rubber boots, and an odd pair of gloves. Also Chelsea has as yet no steel shelters (even if they were good). This shows that the Home Office knows its Bohemia and desires to treat Chelsea as one big joyous looney-bin, in the belief that the dashing art boys and their lovely models live that way anyhow, swilling absinthe for breakfast out of biscuit-tins and coal-scuttles and singing French songs and making love in the King's Road all day. Whereas, alas! the truth is that you can walk down that drab thoroughfare day or night without seeing a single saucy, artistic, personable or even interesting dial, and the few beards you encounter in those King's Road pubs frequented by the art boys are false. The Home Office obviously gets its information out of books rather than from Life, the uninspiring and frequently dumb inhabitants of Chelsea having as orderly feelings about being blown up as anybody else of the bourgeoisie, and having no great love for all this comic-opera stuff the Government is putting across them.



Ideas once firmly implanted in a Civil Service mind are generally there for good, so we don't see much hope for Chelsea, its unexciting Mimis and its deadpan Rodolphes. And if you detect a slightly bitter flavour in these lines, it is due to the fact that an American *farceur* in Montparnasse urged us years ago, when we were very innocent, to go and live in Chelsea, which we did.

Tonic

NOTHING making us Fleet Street boys madder than the allegation, occasionally heard, that we are a public nuisance and ought to be gagged for a spell, it is not unnatural that people who dare say such things get a pretty rough handling from the leader-writers as they roll in to Afternoon Conference from the milk bars with a skinful, fit to tackle the world. And when the Nazi Press, which has been roaring and screaming abuse at half the world every day for months, starts saying the same thing about us, it seems to us the limit in yah-yah. However, the truth, as every citizen can prove for himself when on holiday, is that if every daily newspaper in the world took a week's rest in every month, it would harm nobody, once that awful first-thing-in-the-morning craving of the print-addict wore off (which doesn't take long). The whole world is doped with "news" in our despicable view, and treatment on the lines of what drug-cases get would be extremely beneficial to the weaker brethren; including the newspaper boys, if they got that week's money.

In our experience, print-craving as such is curable by the patient himself,

if he has any kind of will-power, in three days. Once the mad aching pangs of the first day without newspapers have been endured, the battle is almost won. On the second day the patient begins to take interest in birdies, on the third day in flowers. On the fourth day, cured, he has been known to read the Oxford Book of English Verse quite calmly through breakfast, with the day's newspaper on the table beside him, still folded. Such a moral triumph tones up the entire system, though to be of lasting good the treatment must be repeated at regular intervals.

Weepie

WHAT one might describe as the Ideal British Folk-Tale attaches to Lot 111 in the sale on May 18, at Christie's, of the Hearst treasures from St. Donat's Castle, South Wales—namely, an ancient oak chest, said to be the authentic chest of *The Mistletoe Bough*. You know that artless, moving legend, put into verse by Thomas Haynes Bayley? The one about the beautiful daughter of Lord Lovell who, in playful mood, hid on her marriage day in a chest which locked upon her, and in which her skeleton in faded wedding-finery, was discovered many years later? We would describe *The Mistletoe Bough* as the Ideal British Folk-Tale for three reasons: it is (*a*) simple, (*b*) sentimental, and (*c*) concerned with the sorrows of the Peerage. Elderly Late-Victorian and Edwardian Nannies would still repeat it with genuine emotion at dusk, and Mr. Haynes Bayley probably made a packet out of his poetic version. Only recently did we begin to harbour private doubts about *The Mistletoe Bough*, so long do some early memories linger. The bridegroom and guests, for example, not to speak of the servants, seem to have searched Lord Lovell's castle in a rather desultory way, considering the amount of row a young and healthy girl locked up in an antique wooden chest can make (we've experimented—the noise was hellish). One might almost imagine they didn't miss her much—almost as if she were one of those terrible debs you see around. . . .

Drive

FITNESS marches on. The Prince of Monaco has just opened a £60,000 sports stadium in Monte Carlo, which will get some of the Casino regulars out into the open, no doubt. We didn't gather whether the Fitness Council is as yet organising leapfrog and physical jerks in their behalf as well; a very macabre idea indeed, if you've ever watched some of the regulars closely, and the nearest thing to Holbein's Dance of Death imaginable. However, this new sports-centre may help the Anglican chaplain in Monte Carlo, about whom we were reading in an evening paper recently, not a little. At present, apparently, he has to hunt up his drifting flock at the Casino and at cocktail-parties, a trying job and a pretty thankless one, we should say, judging by some of those sweethearts' faces. The Bishop of Monaco has far less trouble with the native population since, as you know, the Casino is strictly out of bounds to them by law. This deprivation doesn't particularly worry the happy and prosperous Monégasque, who is rather a philosophical character, contemplating the cosmopolitan crowd of gamblers with a smile, and wishing 'em all the luck in the world, like some genial uncle watching the little ones at play.

One way of putting over a Fitness Drive at Monte Carlo—and we suggest it in all sincerity to the Fitness Council—would be to mark off the arena of the sports stadium with white lines, like a roulette table, and combine massed leapfrog with gambling, thus luring the Casino crowd in by imperceptible degrees.

Hayseed

GAFFER Henry Williamson, our cherished old rural buddy, had a poignant piece in the *Evening Standard* the other night crying that the modern English don't give a damn for the English Land, which is perfectly true, God help us all. "Must another generation perish," cried Gaffer Williamson in his agony, "before we learn how to live on our own land of Britain?" The answer is: "Absolutely, old boy," and the plain reason, as we know full well, living ourselves in an English village, is that if you live on the land you can't see Joan Crawford. It's all very well for the Gaffer, a poet in his sensitive way, to quote Traherne's "*The wheat was orient and immortal corn*," but what the modern English hind yearns for is to get the hell out of the immortal corn into the nearest town, where they can have a cinema and a jazz-band. And the Government is obviously on his side, preferring to import foreign wheat, eggs and chickens in masses than to encourage British farmers to grow and raise the same.

Admiring Gaffer Williamson and his agricultural struggles as we do, we'd like to murmur to him consolingly: "Pal, be sensible. The Ministry of Agriculture knows best. Food comes in nice clean bright American cans, and is not wrung in a filthy manner from the disgusting soil." The Gaffer's language, as we recollect it from a journey with him in Spain some years ago, would be odious, but of no avail. What he should do with his tractor we can't suggest, except to comb his ruffled hair with the spikes of the cultivator-end of it and go to the pictures, like everybody else.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Grimshaw on 'Post-Neolithic Cerebral Development'—and you were reading the end first!"

Films of the Day

Hollywood Does Us Proud

By George Campbell

It is easy to laugh at Sam Goldwyn, but the man who planned a film by Maeterlinck, until he discovered the hero was a bee, at least never lacked courage. Would you put *your* money into a film of *Wuthering Heights*? I wouldn't. I should like to be able to prophesy that his daring will be rewarded, that *Wuthering Heights* will earn him a million dollars. That it won't do; but if there is any justice in this world—and one sees no reason to suppose there is—it certainly won't be a flop.

The thing has been done in the Goldwyn grand manner—talent galore, the best of everything (including imported heather), and no expense spared. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, of all people, were engaged to write the adaptation, and the authors of *The Front Page* and *Scarface* have handled the novel with almost excessive reverence, even to the point of reproducing bits of period dialogue, like Heathcliff's cri de cœur: "Cathy, my heart's darling!"

No attempt has been made to lighten the murky gloom of the original, and from start to finish there isn't a gleam of humour. But then, Emily Brontë, a narrow, intense genius, writing on the threshold of death, had as little sense of humour as any woman who ever lived, and that is saying a great deal. One wishes that Emily and Sam had been contemporaries. A script conference between them should have provided material for a new and enthralling work.

William Wyler, the man who made such masterpieces as *Dead End*, *These Three*, and *Dodsworth*, was entrusted with the direction, and I doubt whether anybody could have done it better. He has tackled the job in the only way you can sensibly tackle an improbable tale about improbable people. He has gone for it bald-headed. No use hedging, no use trying to soften this or qualify that, and explain away something else. If you can't believe in a grand passion capable of obsessing two people to the point where duty and kindness and ordinary decency hardly matter; if you boggle at a woman who can be consumed with love for one man and then marry somebody else for position; if you can't accept a ghost who wails for years at the window until her lover rushes out, and is last reported wandering arm-in-arm with her through Spirit-land, then *Wuthering Heights* is not your meat, and you'd better wait for the 1940 *Goldwyn Follies*.

Those who *can* swallow it are rewarded with a rich and moving tale, as different from the standardised Hollywood product as Emily Brontë's book is different from Faith Baldwin. The wild, haunted atmosphere of the moors is admirably suggested, the characterisation is strange but consistent, and the detail—such as the close-up of the arrogant Hindley, beside his horse, putting his befouled boot into Heathcliff's cupped hands—is singularly impressive.

The cast—another proof of Mr. Goldwyn's anxiety to do us proud—is all-British. Laurence Olivier was taken to Hollywood to play Heathcliff, and I can think of nobody better suited to the role of the gipsy foundling, brooding revengefully on his wrongs. He has one or two mannerisms I could do without—a trick of carrying his arms always bent, simian fashion, for example—but intellectually he stands head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries, and his power to suggest volcanic passion boiling beneath a darkly sardonic mask is superb.

Merle Oberon, in anticipation, seemed rather a lightweight for Cathy, and I can imagine Katharine Hepburn making her more tempestuous. In actual fact, however, Miss Oberon is more than adequate, besides being lovely enough to make Heathcliff's half-mad love seem plausible. Hugh Williams gives a clever study of the vicious, sottish Hindley; Flora Robson contributes a clever thumbnail portrait of the faithful Ellen; and Donald Crisp, David Niven (for the first time wholly serious) and Geraldine Fitzgerald (an endearing, moving Isabella) are all faultless.

By comparison, the other new pictures are small beer. *Yes, My Darling Daughter* acquired a certain undeserved notoriety in America, because, for a time, it was banned. The play on which it was based exploited the not very original idea of a trial marriage. The film, enamoured of sex but afraid of the censor, waters it down to a Boy-Scout-and-Girl-Guide idyll in two cabins among the wild flowers, reinforced by an assurance from daughter to mother that she "did nothing wrong." I believed her; but not even Priscilla Lane's fresh young charm could persuade me that anything in such a concoction really mattered.

"Innocence," a Czech production rushed to England just before the Nazi coup, introduces Lida Barova, in a bleak, grey tale of a waitress who marries her boss to get money for her consumptive lover, only to find him dead. Miss Barova, dark and lovely, might well cause a sensation in Hollywood. Unfortunately, she is said to have incurred the displeasure of a powerful Nazi admirer, and at present she is unable to leave Prague.

Of the others, *The Nursemaid Who Disappeared* is a goodish British thriller, with Arthur Margetson as Philip MacDonald's frightfully pukka sleuth, Colonel Anthony Gethryn; *Up the River* is farcical Big House stuff, with an inter-prison football match by way of climax; *The Great Man Votes* might have been interesting if it hadn't been spoiled by over-writing and John Barrymore's over-acting; and *The Lambeth Walk* is a faithful reproduction of the play, with more falls and custard-pies pushed in peeresses' faces than I have seen since the heyday of Fatty Arbuckle.

"The Lambeth Walk"

The film of the musical comedy "Me and My Girl," which has modestly been filling the Victoria Palace for two years, and which launched the Lambeth Walk on its round-the-world trip, was shown at a fancy premiere at the Empire a fortnight ago. Lupino Lane plays his original part, Sally Gray is his girl, Mark Lester is the old aristocrat, and the film is named after the song from the piece, not the piece

"Yes, My Darling Daughter"

The amusing American play about trial marriage and its trials, that ran shortly here with Sybil Thorndike, has now been made into a film, with a very cautious eye on the Hayes Office. The result is a watery concoction with Priscilla Lane (here) and Jeffrey Lynn as the young people, Fay Bainter as the mother (here), May Robson as Granny; it was at the Warner last week, is reviewed on this page

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, and what's more, I could 'ave joined the Air Force, if it weren't for this encirclement o' mine"

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

"The Flashing Stream" Ran Slow

CHARLES MORGAN is well known here for his weekly letter from London, mostly about the state of the drama there, although after the war-scare last fall, one of his discourses, bitter and brilliant, was concerned with this subject. And for the vastly successful *The Fountain*, which novel came at just the right moment to meet a need and seized on the imagination of its readers, though marred somewhat for me by its mysticism. So it is disappointing to find that his play, *The Flashing Stream*, with a cast fresh from the London run, should have had so little to engage the attention of American audiences.

Having closed with great expedition, the drama's obituary was presented in the Sunday papers with genuine sadness on the part of the critics. Richard Watts, Jr., in the *New York Herald Tribune*, found it proof of the author's versatility "that he can write of love and logarithms with comparable ecstasy," and wished that Mr. Morgan "would grow less sacerdotal about sex." Brooks Atkinson, in the *New York Times*, found that nothing held back the two mathematically-inclined lovers "except a stained-glass attitude in Mr. Morgan's mind and the meagreness of his sense of humour."

Success Enigma

SINCE *The Flashing Stream* was successful in London, this leads to that inevitable puzzlement as to the striking differences between New York and London audiences. J. B. Priestley has made the same discovery with some of his plays. George M. Cohan, the nation's No. 1 song-and-dance man, recently returned from London, reports *Dear Octopus* a hit there, although in no sense a hit here, and maintains in the *Times* that he enjoyed the London audiences more than the London plays, particularly in watching for the things the audiences laughed at.

This difference is all very mysterious, and apparently does not extend to the field of the novel, for works from England's leading novelists are our staple fare.

On the other hand, there is *Oscar Wilde*, that delicious play starring Robert Morley, and chalking up a good record at the Fulton Theatre. Wilde's own *The Importance of Being Earnest* was given sixty performances here in revival before taking to the road. *Oscar Wilde* is one of the two current plays I could enjoy seeing again and again. Morley's performance as Oscar is brilliant and profoundly moving. Happily, scattering epigrams at the opening, or sunk over a glass of absinthe at the end in a Paris café, his acting is always superlative. And of the various plays on this distressing subject of abnormality, none have handled it so suavely, with sympathy, and yet with over-tones of unmitigated tragedy.

Eve Curie Takes Over New York

PARK AVENUE came to Nelson Doubleday's party for Mlle. Eve Curie in the Jade Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, as did distinguished members of the medical profession. The slim, classic-featured author wore black, with a small hat of fuchsia-coloured flowers. "Jimmy" Sheean's wife (Diana Forbes-Robertson) was there, looking very lovely.

At the Book and Author's Luncheon at the Astor, Eve Curie spoke of the problem many authors have wrestled with, how to break the taboo against writing intimately of someone we know and love. This must have been particularly difficult for a daughter writing about a mother, and such a mother as Mme. Curie. Later in the week, the Clement Cleveland Medal was awarded to Eve Curie by the New York Cancer Committee at a dinner in her honour given at the Cosmopolitan Club.

Edna Millay Sums Up an Era

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY has been in town, reading some of her recent work at the American Woman's Association (Anne Morgan, J. P. Morgan's sister, is founder and president of this club of professional women). The poet has been making a reading tour of most of the States, before returning to her up-State New York home in the country; and she reports that the United States is divided into two camps, those who believe we can stay out of a European war, and those who believe it impossible.

As a youngster fresh from college, Edna Millay came to Greenwich Village, writing and acting for the Provincetown Players, which made theatrical history in a converted stable near Washington Square. Her extraordinary gifts were recognised early, and as a personality she inspired legends. In her lovely lyrics she voiced and influenced the expression of rebellious youth. "*My candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night, But oh my foes, and ah my friends! it makes a lovely light*"—I quote from memory. In those post-war days of the nineteen-twenties, people were concerned about art and free-love and self-expression, while the development of a social consciousness, already under way during and before the war, lost ground during the lush days of prosperity.

Edna Millay married and retired to her upland home, sending back to her admirers slim volumes of exquisitely chiselled sonnets. It was clear that she was changing from the wild girl of the twenties. She used to be a pacifist and a singer of love-songs, but now she has turned into a militant advocate of military intervention into the affairs of an evil-ridden world. Her new book of verse, *Huntsman, What Quarry?*, to be published in May by Harpers, voices her disenchantment and despair over a world that she used to face so blithely. In an interview with Michel Mok she shook her long russet bobbed hair and declared in her deep voice that: "In all this world there is nothing left to please me except flowers and music and the laughter of children." In the twenties, Edna Millay spoke for the people of her generation, and again, as 1940 draws near, she sums up the feeling of many people.

Billion-Dollar Blondes

TWO American "dream-girls" met at Fefe's Monte Carlo the other night: Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow (née Barbara Hutton) and Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell (née Doris Duke). Barbara Hutton, who has had two titles, was with Dan Silverberg, while Mrs. Cromwell was with the Duke of Sutherland. They are both fair and slender, dress well and wear fewer jewels than many others less well-endowed with millions. Their inheritances, as everybody knows, are based on the 5-and-10-cent store and on tobacco.

Anglo-Persian Artist

DOROTHY VICAJI, the English painter, has been over here working on two portraits of Brenda Frazier. After spending some time acquiring a sunburn at Palm Beach, she is back at her easel at the Hotel Pierre. Last summer she painted another remarkable child, Sabu, the Elephant Boy. This will be on view with her portrait of the Glamour Girl, and twenty-two others in the library of the Pierre. Dorothy's father was an English landscape artist, but her grandfather was a Persian, and for a time the ruler of a tract in India. Among her clients have been the late Queen Alexandra, Mrs. John Sloan, the Earl of Minto, and three daughters of Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

Vandamm, New York

Robert Morley as "Oscar Wilde"

Still one of the biggest successes on the New York stage is Robert Morley's "brilliant and profoundly moving" performance, commented on in the article above. In January eight leading New York dramatic critics voted his the best individual performance of 1938. Over here his comedy, "Goodness, How Sad!", which was to have come off last Saturday, has had its Vaudeville run prolonged for another month or two because of the demand for seats

"Jamaica Inn"

Daphne du Maurier's Novel Was Bound to be Made into a Film

The romantic story of wreckers on the Cornish coast, of a titled buck who backs them to make his life duly spacious, of a beautiful orphan who gets mixed up with both and a disguised detective who gets mixed up with all three—this was destined for the screen as plainly as A. E. W. Mason's *Four Feathers* and others. It is a British company, the Mayflower, that has done the right thing by Daphne du Maurier's book and a first-class British cast was assembled to do it: Charles Laughton as Pengallen, Maureen O'Hara, new star, as Mary Yellan, Leslie Banks and Emlyn Williams as wreckers, Marie Ney as the patient Patience. After a good deal of advance publicity about the false buck-ish nose of Charles Laughton (a director of Mayflower Films) and so on, the piece is complete and will be shown at the Regal from Friday next

Survival: *the nineteenth century has dawned two decades ago, but Sir Humphrey Pengallan clings to the spacious and immoral ways of the age of reason, turning to crime to provide the necessary funds: Charles Laughton*

Wreckers: *in the Jamaica Inn the landlord smokes a pipe with his gang: Edwin Greenwood (tattooed), Wylie Watson, Emlyn Williams, Leslie Banks*

Innocence: *the orphan Mary turns to her only relative, Aunt Patience, who has unfortunately married a wrecker, and her arrival at Jamaica Inn is unpropitious: Maureen O'Hara, Leslie Banks, Marie Ney*

Debutantes of 1939

Catherine Bell

Miss Diana Howard Thompson

An attractive debutante from Shropshire is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, of Bishton Manor. Diana Howard Thompson was presented in March by her mother who is giving a dance for her at 6, Stanhope Gate, on June 21st. She was "finished" in Paris, and is studying art and dress designing in London

Lenare

Miss Janet Rose

Janet Rose is another debutante who is combining her first season with work. She is training at the Guildhall School of Dramatic Art. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rose, of Coleherne Court, S.W.5; was presented at the first Court in March by Lady Combe

Harlip

Miss Lindsey Furneaux

Lindsey Furneaux is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Claude Furneaux, of Fingringhoe Hall, Colchester. She and her sister Claudia were presented in March by their mother. Last week the Countess of Birkenhead and Lady Pamela Berry, Miss Furneaux's cousins, gave a dance for her at Lady Pamela Berry's house

Harlip

Miss Annette Royds

Annette Royds is the youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Percy and Lady Royds, of High Coombe, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Her mother (who is a sister of Sir Harold Yarrow and Viscountess Dawson of Penn) is giving a small dance for her at High Coombe on June 30th, and will present her at a July Court. Sir Percy Royds has been Member for Kingston-upon-Thames since July 1937

Pearl Freeman

Miss Helen Hoare

Helen Hoare is having a joint dance to-night with Mary Tyser, given by her mother and Mrs. Walter Tyser at 2, Albert Gate. She is the daughter of the late Charles Richard Hoare, and the Hon. Mrs. Hoare, of 41a, Addison Gardens, W.14, and a niece of Viscount Chaplin and the Marchioness of Londonderry. She was presented by her mother at the first Court in March

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Juliet Acland

Juliet Acland is the second of the four daughters of Sir William and Lady Acland, of Barnes Wood, Welwyn, Herts., and, born in 1922, is one of the younger debutantes. After Christmas she went back to Paris before her presentation at the first Court by her mother. Her father, who was in the Greys and the R.A.F. during the war, is the third baronet, a cousin of Viscount Hambleden, and a director of W. H. Smith and Son

Anthony

Ex-Debutante—the Hon. Deborah Mitford

A year ago the youngest of Lord and Lady Redesdale's six daughters (photographed here with her dog Studley) was in the rush of her first season. This summer she can look on with the comparative calm of a nineteen-year-old ex-debutante. Her parents have a London house in Rutland Gate; last year it was announced that Lady Redesdale had bought an island, Inchkenneth, off the west coast of Mull. Also last year it was announced in Sir Oswald Mosley's paper *Action* that the Redesdales' third daughter, formerly the wife of the Hon. Bryan Guinness, had become Lady Mosley two years previously and had had a son in November. A more recent marriage in the family was that of Clementine Mitford, first cousin of Deborah Mitford, to Sir Alfred Beit

Mrs. Haines' Bridge Party

Sylvia: "Why should I be jealous of Mary?"
Nancy Blake: "Because she's contented to be what she is—a woman."
(Left to right: Sylvia, Mrs. Howard Fowler (Mary Alice Collins); Peggy, Mrs. John Day (Rita Davies); Nancy Blake (Molly Raynor); Edith, Mrs. Phelps Potter (Emily Ross)

At the Dressmaker's

Mary, Mrs. Stephen Haines (Karen Peterson): "Stephen doesn't love you."
Crystal (Claire Carleton): "He's doing the best he can under the circumstances."

"The

Some In
Boothe's
"Smack

T

Sylvia: "I do
mind if she's g
on all her friend
Instructress (Ing
down—up—down

A Reno Hotel

Miriam (Effie Afton, right): "Say, Countess, that guy hasn't been arousing your honourable intentions, has he?"
Countess de Lage (Catharine Doucet): "Yes, Miriam, but I'm different from the rest of you. I've always put my faith in love."

In Crystal's Bathroom

Sylvia: "Why, Crystal, what are you doing with a key to the Gothic Apartments?"
Crystal: "What? Oh, that! Throw me a towel, Sylvia."

Women"

idents from Clare Merciless Witty " at Her Sex

The men who see *The Women*, at the Lyric, kindly pretend that the play is all about a small section of American women who have nothing to do but think about getting and keeping their men. The women may agree with that, outwardly, but if they are honest they know it 's the flashes of cruel truth about *all* women (where men are concerned) that make this play irresistibly fascinating to its feminine audience. Anyhow, all parties can agree about the hard-polished wit, the attractive clothes, and the brilliant performance of Catharine Doucet as Countess de Lage ("l'amour! l'amour!")

e Exercise Salon

sh Mrs. Haines would make up her ng to get a divorce. It 's terrible not knowing."
Andersen) : " On your side. Up— "

In the Haines' Kitchen

Maggie the cook (Natalie Lynn) to Jane the parlourmaid (Doreen Lang) : " The first man who can think up a good explanation how he can be in love with his wife and another woman is goin' to win that prize they 're always givin' out in Sweden ! "

The Maternity Hospital

Nurse (Mary Brown) to Edith (Emily Ross) : " Oh, no, Mrs. Potter. You had a very easy time. Why, women like you don't know what a terrible time is. Try bearing a baby in a cold, filthy kitchen, without ether, without a change of linen, without decent food . . ."

In Mrs. Haines' Bedroom

Little Mary (Joan Greenwood) : " I don't mind if you kick me. You know, that 's the only good thing about divorce ; you get to sleep with your mother."

The Casino-Roof Ladies' Room

Crystal : " You 're just a cat, like all the rest of us ! "
Mary : " Well, I 've had two years to sharpen my claws. Jungle-red, Sylvia ! "

Forty-Six Years of Women's Golf

***Forty-five years** of golf fashions are covered in this picture. In the middle are an 1896 outfit and the exact costume worn by Miss Stringer for the 1894 championship — straw boater, hard collar, red jacket, check skirt, and boots. On the left is Miss Gloria ("One-Club") Minoprio, who was the first golfer to wear trousers in a championship meeting in 1928, and is still the only golfer competing with only one club. On the right is a typical 1939 outfit: note how the skirt length has shortened since 1935 (below, right)*

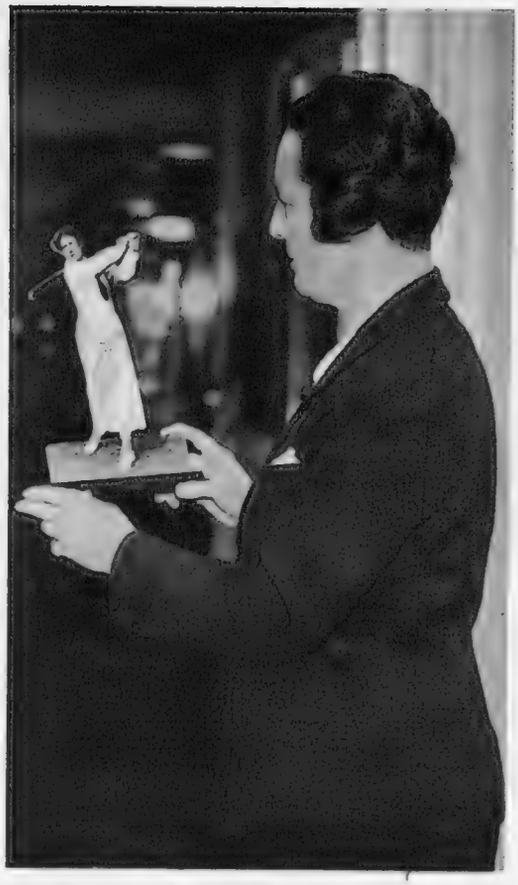
In the Women Golfers' Museum old clothes, old clubs, old balls, statuettes from old photographs of champions, give a vivid and amusing picture of the development of women's golf since 1893 when the first Ladies' Championship was played. Some of the relics go further back than that: the feather ball, for example, was last used between 1850 and 1860. Among the odd or ancient clubs exhibited are (see extreme right) an Auchterlony putter, a Schenectady putter, a Track iron, an illegal centre-shafted driver, a feather-ball putter, an illegal iron, an applewood driver made by Willie Park. Of special interest to women golfers is the collection of replicas of badges and medals from all over the world, presented by H. H. Plant, the well-known jeweller. But best of all are the clothes, in actuality and in photographs. One marvels at the tremendous energy with which those early golfers had to pursue their ball, clumbered as they were with complicated, unpractical skirts, hats, veils, boots. The Museum is at the Lady Golfers' Club in Whitehall Court, where it can be seen by members and their friends

***1907** champion, Miss May Hezlet, played in a long, full skirt whose swing matched her clubs. Note her flat hat, veil, dark stockings*

***1910** champion, Miss E. Grant Suttie, won in this striped suit, tight-shouldered, narrow-skirted, and a large velour hat*

***1913** champion, Miss Muriel Dodd (Mrs. Alan MacBeth), gains in skirt width, and her light stockings are a modern touch. The long, thick jerseys were good on slender figures*

Miss M. E. Stringer *was the moving spirit behind the Women Golfers' Museum, indefatigably collecting exhibits and persuading past champions to have their statuettes made. Here she is with one of the latter: Lady Margaret Scott, who won the championship for the first three years of its life, 1893-4-5. Miss Stringer herself was an original member of the L.G.U. in 1893, and is the founder of the Veteran Ladies' Golf Society*



Miss Cecil Leitch *was looking at the photographic statuette of herself as she won her first championship in 1914. She won it again in 1920, 1921, 1926. She and Miss Chambers (right) helped Miss Stringer organise the Museum, which has Mrs. T. H. Miller as president, and Mrs. E. T. Bolton and Mrs. Benson as hon. secretary and treasurer*

Miss Doris Chambers, *1923 champion, examined some of the clubs exhibited; she is holding a home-made wire club as used by South African caddies. Another home-made club from South Africa is the wooden club second from right, carved in one piece from the branch of a tree*

1922 *permitted the champion, Miss Joyce Wethered, a comfortably short skirt, a long, belted jersey coat, a smallish hat*

1928 *fashions from France, when Mlle. S. Thion de la Chaume won the Championship, show a very short skirt, long-waisted jumper, a near-cloche hat*

1935, *when Miss Wanda Morgan was champion, brought longer skirts again, shorter jerseys, and the beret, which "came in" a few years earlier*

En passant: *Lady Claud Hamilton was coming homewards through Paris after leaving her daughter, Pamela Newall, at a finishing school in Florence. Her ensemble was Oxford and Cambridge blues—feathers of these colours, twin sapphire clips on her dark blue coat. Her husband is Comptroller to Queen Mary*

De la rive gauche: *Betty Chetwynd and Mrs. Jon Thoresen met the camera as the former was saying good-bye to the latter after a morning sherry-party in her Rue Bonaparte flat. Mrs. Thoresen's husband is nephew of the Norwegian Minister in Paris; Miss Chetwynd is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Wentworth Chetwynd, a New Yorker by birth*

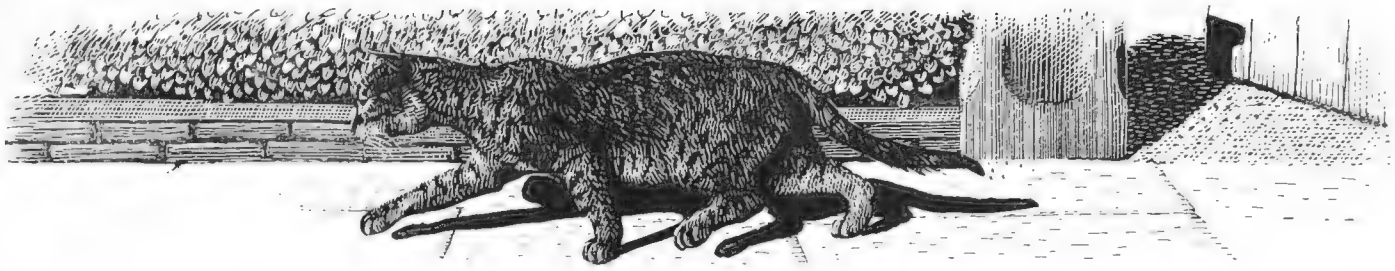
Tour de Triomphe: *Mrs. Gilbert Miller was celebrating in Paris the success of her husband's London production of Clare Boothe's play "The Women," in which she shared by dressing the all-feminine cast. Mrs. Miller herself wore a smart one-piece with three new jewelled butterfly clips*

Paris : Smart Women Feel and Look Their Smartest in Paris in the Spring

Vendeuse: *Princess Jean Poniatowski, in black and white, was leaving the couturier's where she works, for a Ritz lunch date. She was Paula Amor, of Mexico, before marrying into Poland's top family*

Voyage de noces: *Lord and Lady Howland did what all good honeymooners do—sealed the trip with some days in Paris: they had meant to go to Capri, but Axis activity kept them at Cannes. They have now returned to their house in Wilton Street. Lady Howland was Mrs. Kenneth ("Brownie") Hollway before her marriage after a fortnight's engagement to the Duke of Bedford's grandson*

Prussienne: *Baronin Gisela von Krieger, a bright, blonde light of international café society, was passing the Ministry of Justice in the Place Vendôme in a black alpaca suit, straw hat trimmed with black satin ribbons, lace handkerchief to match blouse*



"Bystander" Short Story

Cats Go Back

By Eric Thompson

Illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe

YESTERDAY they had passed No. 8 Cranford Villas on their way to the shops without a glance. To-day they stood in a little scattered group of ghouls against the privet on the opposite side of the road, teasing themselves with speculations of what was going on behind the seedy yellow blinds of the little house, staring the constable standing at the gate into self-consciousness, seeing something sinister in the unopened milk bottle that stood on the coping. Those who had had the advantage of secondary educations pondered the irony of the name-plate on the door: "Mon Abri." And all were waiting for the ambulance outside to carry away its mute passenger.

An overalled woman, face set to conceal her excitement, whispered fiercely to the child who stood gazing with bright, round eyes at No. 8, innocently infected with the curiosity of the watchers. A very big man interrupted her: his voice was surprisingly gentle.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but does a Miss Ray live at No. 8?"

She looked at him quickly.

"She did," she said.

Suspicion was rife in Cranford Villas that day, but she was unable to resist that pregnant change of tense.

The big man's regretful "Oh!" inspired confidence. She averted her head from the child.

"From the questions they've asked Mrs. Jenkins—she lives at No. 10—it looks like murder—murder by a person unknown." She was a well-read citizen.

The big man nodded.

"Yes," he said gently, and took a slip of paper from his pocket. "Mrs. Sarah Jenkins, of 10, Cranford Villas. . . . Could you tell me," he went on diffidently, "if Miss Ray kept a cat?"

"A cat?" She was loth to desert the victim for a cat. "Yes," she said, "there's always been a cat at No. 8—a dreadful, mangy tabby thing."

"Thank you," said the big man, raising his hat.

He crossed the road to the gate of No. 8, and the ears of the watchers strained to catch what he said to the constable. It was:

"I'm an inspector . . ."

The constable looked up at him and decided quickly that he was.

"Two other C.I.D. men are here, sir," he said, and stepped aside.

The big man hesitated for a moment, looked quickly round the untidy little front garden, and went into the house. In the darkened hall he made way for the stretcher that was to provide a climax for the little group on the pavement outside.

There were deep voices on the upper floor and he went tentatively up the short staircase towards them. At the top a man in uniform spoke to him.

"Why, inspector," he said, stressing the word with light irony, "what the devil are you doing here?"

The big man grinned.

"On business," he said.

The man in uniform turned and introduced him to the two who were not.

"Inspector Grant," he said, "not C.I.D., but R.S.P.C.A."

The others smiled at him as one of the brotherhood of all big men.

"I'm sorry to butt in, Vaughan," he said, "but I'm looking for a cat. We had a complaint from the woman Jenkins at No. 10. The thing was being kicked about by the occupier. A moth-eaten tabby it seems to be."

Vaughan looked grim.

"Well," he said, "the occupier's kicking days are over. She seems to have been as

"Without warning the cat squirmed and leaped out of his arms"

near an animal as makes no odds, but, all the same, I don't see how we can cut you in on this job."

"I see," said Grant—"that sort of affair."

"Yes," said Vaughan. "Miss Ray, so-called, was a squeaker. And to some purpose, too—sent her boy-friend up for five years."

"How long ago was that?"

"You get it. He's been out three months. Two months ago Miss Ray took this place, and last night her throat was painstakingly cut."

"Any visitors?"

"Naturally. The woman at No. 10—your witness, too—says there was a car outside at odd hours of the night, but nobody can quite remember the car, except that it was open, and nothing about the driver except damn silly things like a trilby hat and a raglan overcoat."

"You know where the boy-friend is, of course?"

"Yes, but he'll have the usual watertight alibi. Even if we could break it, we'd be up against the jury."

"Hard-headed and soft-hearted, eh?"

Vaughan shrugged his shoulders.

"They don't like ex-convicts interfered with—too much like hitting a man when he's down. They've also a touching belief in the reformatory powers of the penal system."

"Too bad," said the big man. "By the way, you haven't seen the cat, have you?"

No, nobody had.

"Mind if I have a look round? And—sorry to be such a nuisance—but could you ask your lads to keep an eye open for it to-night?—a moth-eaten tabby. It'll help them to keep awake."

One of the C.I.D. men laughed.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll tell 'em to bring some fish."

"Good luck," said the big man. "Sorry once again," and went.

The others grinned as they heard him in the garden, calling "Puss!" in an incredible falsetto.

THE following morning Inspector Vaughan had a telephone call at the station.

"Hello, Grant," he said, "... no, we didn't find a cat about. Did you?"

The quiet voice said not.

"By the way, Vaughan," it went on, "when are you checking-up on the murdered party's boy-friend?"

"We're going to see Cantoni this afternoon. He's only about five miles away—Wimbledon district. But we're not too hopeful."

"Could I come?"

Vaughan hesitated, but he liked Grant.

"If you like," he said at last, "but why?"

"Oh, nothing . . . I'm pretty slack these days. Human nature's not what it was."

"Not looking for that cat still? All right, two sharp at the station."

THE house in Wimbledon was strangely like No. 8, Cranford Villas, but spick and span, with new paint and kempt hedge. The man who opened the door was pale with the invalid pallor of prison. The hard, white daylight that made his cheek-bones gleam betrayed the tension of his jaw. Grant looked at his eyes. They were steady—too steady—almost as if they were sightless.

One of the C.I.D. men spoke to him.

"Hello, Cantoni. You remember me?"

Cats Go Back

(Continued from page 227)

The man in the doorway nodded and moistened his lips.

"Could we have a word with you?"

The other turned abruptly and led them into the little front room, newly-furnished in bright veneer. Grant noticed that Vaughan left the street door open.

The C.I.D. man coughed.

"Maisie 's dead, Cantoni," he said quietly. "We wondered whether you could help us. You haven't seen her lately?"

Cantoni spoke for the first time. His voice was low and husky.

"No."

There was a long silence. The dull eyes remained steady.

"What do you expect me to do about it?" Cantoni said. "Burst into tears?"

"No," said Vaughan gently, "just tell us where you were on Wednesday night."

He did not pretend to rack his brains. He was at his brother's place in Stamford Hill, playing cards. They made it a bit late and he stayed the night.

"You want the address?"

"Please," said Vaughan, and made a note of it.

"Thanks, Cantoni," said the C.I.D. man, and turned towards the street door. "Doing all right?"

"Where 's Grant got to?" Vaughan asked.

And then they heard for the second time his absurd falsetto, and the other kind of inspector came towards them holding firmly in his arms an unhygienic tabby cat with a ragged ear.

"You 're getting quite domesticated, Cantoni," said the C.I.D. man.

A light flickered in Cantoni's eyes for the first time.

"Just a stray," he murmured.

Suddenly Grant swore softly and sucked his finger.

"You asked for it, Grant," said Vaughan.

"Can't take a chance with these strays," said the big man, and took a small phial from his pocket and inverted it over his finger. Then, without warning, the cat squirmed and leaped out of his arms through the open street door, with the contents of the phial on its fur. The big man looked very awkward.

"Terribly sorry, Cantoni," he said. "It won't hurt it, though—only iodine."

"That 's all right," said Cantoni, "come again," and shut the door swiftly.

The four men walked slowly down the street to where they had left their cars.

"Well, Grant," said Vaughan, "what do you think of him?"

"He looks tough enough," said Grant.

The younger of the C.I.D. men shook his head.

"He 's not tough, poor devil," he said quickly. "He 's been up for five years, remember—five years of routine, without having to make a single important decision His will power 's died in those five years. Now he 's just a bundle of reflexes—responding automatically to every emotion. He 's forgotten how to deal with things like fear. It 's when fear gets them that they come unstuck."

Vaughan smiled indulgently

"Hendon speaks," he said

But Grant was serious.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I suppose that 's the stuff old lags are made of."

Vaughan got back on to solid ground

"Well, Inspector, you found a cat, anyway——"

"And a moth-eaten tabby one at that," said the big man significantly.

Vaughan looked at him keenly.

"Good Lord!" he said. "I believe the R.S.P.C.A. has got a theory, too! You can't think that Cantoni——"

"Would be such a fool as to take the cat from No. 8?" Grant completed the question blandly.

"Perhaps you 're right. But it struck me that the way she treated the cat may have been the immediate cause of the trouble. So, to blind himself to the real motive—this thing called revenge—Cantoni might have taken the cat with him. The cat would become his conscience—a sort of living

"That cat . . . ," he said

justification for the crime. If he 's always intended to kill her, why did he wait two months and run the risk of being seen at No. 8?"

They stopped, and Grant looked over his shoulder towards the house.

"But even if that 's what did actually happen," said the elder C.I.D. man with a great show of tolerance, "how do you expect us to identify Cantoni's tabby with the tabby at Cranford Villas? We can't hold a sort of identification parade of tabbies. Chinamen are bad enough."

"And what 's more," said Vaughan, "you 've ruined the show by covering the thing with iodine. Its own mother wouldn't recognise it now."

The young C.I.D. man said suddenly:

"What *was* the idea of marking the cat, Grant?"

The big man blushed.

"Cats go back, you know," he said slowly.

Vaughan looked incredulous, the others blank.

"Rot!" said Vaughan.

The big man stared at them anxiously. He looked as much disappointed as surprised.

"Surely you 've heard," he said, "that cats go back?—hundreds of them do get back. Some get lost, even die, in the attempt. It explains a lot of the strays. Five miles is nothing to them. . . . Surely you 've heard that?"

It was an appeal.

"But how?" said Vaughan.

"I don't know any more than you do. I don't live in their world."

He turned and looked back down the road, as if unable to face their blatant disbelief. Vaughan laughed.

"Well," he said shortly, "I think I 'll concentrate on the alibi for what it 's worth. Where do you go from here?"

The big man was vague.

"Oh . . . the other way . . . I 've got a bit of a job to do."

ON the Saturday morning Inspector Vaughan sat at his desk in the station office with the charge-sheet before him, and suffered a vague feeling of disappointment. Inspector Vaughan loved and respected routine, disliked the game being won before the last card was turned up. He ran his eye for the twentieth time over the solitary entry:

". . . Cantoni, alias . . . murder . . . Ray, alias . . ."

His face brightened a little when he heard the knock on his door.

"Come in," he said, and his lips rehearsed his opening sentence.

The big R.S.P.C.A. inspector came in and grinned at him.

"Morning, Vaughan," he said. "You 've found my cat?"

Vaughan, his thunder stolen, nodded weakly. After all, the fellow needn't be so confoundedly Olympian! It was a very long shot he 'd pulled off.

"Complete with iodine, at No. 8," he said.

The big man did not look surprised.

"You see," he said gently, "cats *do* come back . . ." and then: "And Cantoni?"

"Yes," said Vaughan, "*and* Cantoni—in the front garden of No. 8 at 12.45 p.m., looking for the cat and nearly crazy with fear. He 's got one or two awkward questions to answer."

A shadow passed over the big man's face.

"Poor devil!" he said. "Fear got him, you see, and he came unstuck."

"Well," said Vaughan at length, "we 've been lucky."

"You 've got to have luck," said Grant.

"What beats me," said Vaughan, "is that apart from being so damn sure yourself that the cat would go back, you knew that when Cantoni missed it, he 'd realise straight away where it had gone."

Grant smiled faintly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I had no doubt at first that Cantoni would know about cats going back, but when I discovered that you and the other two either didn't believe it or didn't know about it, I had to tell Cantoni."

"You *told* him?"

"Well, I sent him a copy of an old circular appeal we issued once, pointing out the dangers that cats run when they try to get back. I don't know whether he read it or not. . . . Anyway, as you say, we 've been lucky."

"I 'll say we 've been lucky," said Vaughan forcibly, "and, above all, in that the cat proved true to type."

"Have you got it here?" asked Grant.

Vaughan picked up the telephone.

"That cat . . ." he said.

It was brought in—the moth-eaten tabby with a ragged ear and a dark stain on its fur.

"There you are," said Vaughan reluctantly, "the living proof that cats go back. Those five miles don't seem to have hurt its feet."

The big man ran his finger over the tattered ear.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact, I nipped back after you 'd gone and gave it a lift as far as Cranford Villas. It seemed such a shame to make it walk all that way. . . ."

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

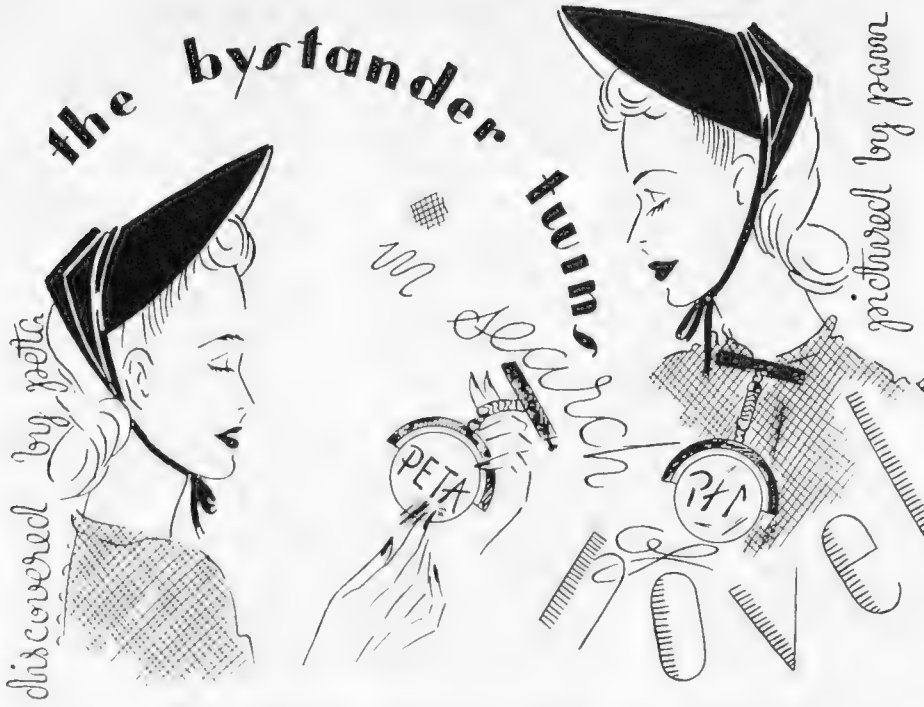
A STRIKING, unexpected colour scheme positively shocks you into a liking for this dress. The bodice is a deep, acid lime green, the skirt a brilliant emerald, patterned in scarlet, royal blue, black and white. This print has all the intensity of colour and design of challis, and the daring of the frock designer in combining the two greens does not go unrewarded. The hood is in one with the bodice and has a print lining. You will find this hood useful as a protection from sun, and useful too for warmth when a chilly evening follows a warm day. It is, of course, immensely becoming, and most intriguing for motoring or spectator sports of the informal, village-green variety. It is an example of the unusual "snappy little dress" which can be found in Dickins and Jones' (Regent Street) new American dress department. The entire collection has been "hand-picked"—each model individually selected for you by a lady with a nice sense of discrimination and a delightful American voice. When you feel you want something "quite different" with which to electrify your friends (which is practically always, of course) it is well worth asking to see this collection. There are cotton frocks, silk and wool day dresses, suits, and most fascinating evening dresses. Prices and sizes are as varied as the collection itself

Steps for Beauty

The importance of foundations

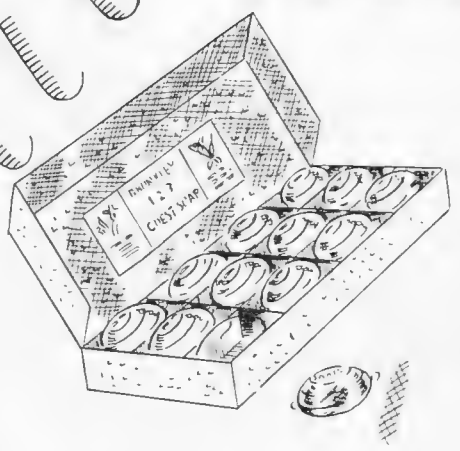
A SENSE of the dramatic is inherent in us all. How we welcome the footlights when they show us to advantage! But lights come on at night, so it is perhaps on our evening dresses that the searchlight of publicity and the camera-man's "flash" are most frequently focussed. At Fenwick, 63, New Bond Street, there is a grand selection of evening dresses, which will certainly find their way into any limelight that happens to be available. The dull-surfaced one above with its beautifully ruched front and halter strap is made in periwinkle blue crêpe. The material is satin-backed, which accounts for its heavy "hang" and its grace. Orchid mirror satin makes the other frock, with high Empire bodice and silver bead embroidery. This one cannot fail to find the footlights, for its rich smooth satin gives a magnificent effect. The price is 8½ guineas. But no evening dress—or other dress for that matter—can be successful unless it is worn over good foundation garments. Both these frocks are worn over Kestos girdles and brassières, chosen to suit the cut of the dress. For the satin model, for instance, a Kestos "High-Line" was selected. This is a new brassière, designed to give a high bust-line, and is perfect with Empire and Directoire frocks. "High-Lines" cost from 4s. 11d. to 8s. 11d. The halter style might present a problem, but the Kestos Décolleté model has exactly the same arrangement—a halter instead of shoulder straps It costs 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., or 12s. 11d. These brassières are sold practically everywhere, and are well known for their efficiency. You will have no difficulty in finding one to suit your particular evening dress

Scott Bushe



Medals for the Twins : these are gilt " regences " with " Chinese writing " on each side. When you twirl the medal it shows your name. Any name, initials or " moniker " to order, from Estelle Kelway, 41, Craven Road, W.2

Guest soap to match your guest room. A dozen assorted tablets of Bronnley's No. 123 Turtle Oil soap, guest size, in a box for 4s. In six different colours and perfumes to match all your colour schemes



Known as the Magnapact, but really very parva and dainty : A Ronson lighter-cum-cigarette-case-cum-flapjack. All extremely neat and efficient, and costing 63s. in black, white, tortoise shell or turquoise, from Selfridges

Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge are showing cute little pastel suède boleros for casual sports wear. Shorts to match if you like, but the bolero will pay its way with all your summer skirts and sports frocks. Blue piped with pink and vice versa, or violet with pink, 3½ guineas. The linen cap eyeshade with its tie-back is as becoming as a ski-cap, and well worth its 10s. 6d. in comfort, beauty and smartness

Lawn and linen mixture handkerchiefs have a cut-thread border showing horsy or nautical emblems. Sporty, but not hearty ; you will enjoy dropping these about. One and ninepence from Selfridges, of Oxford Street. The evening handkerchief has white ciré lace appliquéd to black chiffon. Definitely a glamour-making accessory, and from 8s. 11d.

Tie silk, specially processed to take out the " crackle " makes a scarf, hand-printed with the more dramatic incidents from Punch and Judy. In lovely colours, cheerful, but not harsh ; blue, cerise, or purple

Gardener's Chronicle

More Rhododendrons

By R. C. Jenkinson

From the High Mountains

I ENDED my notes of last week on the subject of "hardiness." Last week we had a frost of four or five degrees, and the young shoots of some precocious rhododendrons have been slightly spoilt, more especially those in open positions, where morning sun could strike the rime on the plants. But this does not make me relent in favour of those stalwarts whom no frost will harm. Even though in some years the earlier, more delicate species and hybrids have their flower-buds or young growths frozen, I would still try to find sheltered places where they may freely develop their beauty.

The dwarf rhododendrons which belong to the Lapponicum or Saluenensis series are, however, in a different category. These come from the high mountains of Tibet, where they take the place of heather on our own hill-country. In shady, over-protected places they grow lank and are sparsely flowered. They like full exposure to light and wind, abhorring only a dry, baked situation.

The ideal place for them is a north-western slope, where they will form ever-widening hummocks of grey-green foliage, to be starred all over with little flowers of pale mauve to deep purple or pale yellow in the Lapponicums, or with large flowers in the Saluenenses of light or dark pink to rich magenta-purple. On this slope may be set clumps of racemosum, pubescens, and hemitrichotum, three similar species of rather taller growth, whose shoots are wreathed by a profusion of enchanting pink flowers.

A beginner's choice of Lapponicums should include impeditum, hippophæoides, and scintillans for mauve, russatum for purple, and chryseum for pale-yellow; and of Saluenenses, calostrotum, rose-purple and bushy, and keleticum, crimson-purple and prostrate; and for pink, racemosum, especially that best-coloured form sent home by Forrest under No. 19404. An acquaintance with these Alpine rhododendrons will excite an interest in them which will make the novice enlarge his collection as he finds out how easy they are, and how they will look best in his own garden.

Blanche Henrey

Magnolia Soulangeana Brozzonii, *with its white goblet flowers flushed with purple at the base, is one of the plants suggested for the spring garden described here under the heading "An Alpine Slope"*

An Alpine Slope

LET me describe a bit of spring gardening where these hardy mountaineers are a feature. The path winds roughly east to west, through a shallow gorge: it debouches from a clump of Scots fir, whose outposts crown the ridges either side of the path. On the upper and middle levels scattered plants of the tree-heaths, white and mauve, flower from March to May: every now and then there is a specimen of magnolia, of which Brozzoni, with snow-white ample goblets, purple-flushed at the base, is the finest. Then there are three or four clumps of forsythia, to give yellow in March, and more of broom and double gorse, to give white, cream and gold in April and May.

Now, while other plants could be added, according to the individual taste of the planter, these were quite enough, apart from their own beauty, to frame the main planting which consists of dwarf rhododendrons and daffodils—not the great, coarse-flowered varieties—in quantity, with flats of the different spring-flowering heaths.

This vast gorge covers no more than an acre of ground, but it can, of course, be scaled down for a tithe of that area. As one enters it, there are to left and right consecutive large groups of Rh. pubescens and hemitrichotum running from the pathway obliquely up the hill, backed by Cytisus præcox and double gorse; and in front, the grey-lavender of Rh. hippophæoides and the deep purple of russatum. Along the path itself are broad belts of racemosum (pink), various mauve Lapponicums, and the light and dark rose-purples of the Saluenenses, with the pale-yellow of chryseum in small clumps to lighten the effect.

Not only are these Alpine rhododendrons easy to grow: they are easy to propagate, by cuttings or seed. If a particularly good form is to be reproduced, cuttings, taken in November, must be made; but for mass planting, such as I have described, by far the quicker method is to sow seed; for seedlings flower in two years, and can be raised by the hundred thousand.

Spring Foliage

ONE'S appreciation of any given plant depends largely upon how it is placed, so that not only is its own individuality enhanced by its background or neighbours, but itself contributes to a general scheme of colour or shape. Foliage plays a big part when one considers arrangement, and just as we shall later discuss autumn colour, so now let us think of spring growth, the beauty of unfolding young leaves in red, silver and delicate fresh green.

The earliest red-purple is Prunus Pissardii, whose flowers come in March, but in April makes a lovely foil for any of the cherries, pink, white or yellow. Then there is maple-leaf, green and red, which is now at its best. There are so many combinations that are lovely, but maple and magnolia immediately jump to one's mind, over a ground of heather.

Among herbaceous plants, the richly-coloured young leaves of some pæonies are outstanding—some shining ruby-red, some light plum, as in the yellow-flowered P. Lokosiewiczii; if they never flowered, pæonies would deserve a place in our garden.

Then there are those two wonderful apricot-coloured trees, Acer brilliantissimum, a small, slow-growing tree with a rounded head of foliage, which for three weeks in April and May is a wonderful bit of colour; and Æsculus neglectus var. erythroblastus, a chestnut which grows as a big bush or small tree, whose young growths are about as startling in colour, a sort of peach-apricot, as any flower. If this last is planted with one of the red maples, against a deep green background, facing west so as to avoid the morning sun, few late April colour-displays will equal it.

I think that the best of all red-purple foliage plants is Prunus persica foliis rubris, whose leaves this year began to unfold about April 20th, and will retain their richness until October. I prefer it as a bush rather than a standard, a large irregular, free-growing bush of 15 feet and more across, whose pink flowers precede the leaves, and whose fruit even is pink when cut in section. This is a really first-class plant. Silver and gold, if you like it, must follow next week.

Lord and Lady Lyell's Son and Heir

Charles Lyell was christened by the Abbot of Downside at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. His parents, with him here, were married last summer. Lady Lyell was Sophie Trafford, and is the daughter of Major and Lady Betty Trafford. Lord Lyell is the second Baron, owns Kinnordy in Angus. His sister, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, was one of the three godparents

Julia Stonor and Two Godmothers

The Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain held her goddaughter, Julia Maria Cristina Mildred Stonor, after her christening at Brompton Oratory. With them is Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who was also a godmother. The baby is the daughter of the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor. Her father is Lord Camoys' heir; her mother was Jeanne Stourton before her wedding last year

Social Register

Christenings and a Coming of Age

Christabel Mary Carlisle

Another first baby is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Carlisle, who was christened last week. Mrs. Carlisle, holding her daughter here, was Elizabeth McLaren before her wedding last year, and is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Aberconway

The Master of Forbes Comes of Age

Lord and Lady Forbes gave a dinner for 250 guests at Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, for the coming of age of their only son, the Hon. Nigel Ivan Forbes. Here they are standing with the Master of Forbes between them in front of their house-party, which included Lady Sempill, the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith of Fyvie, Colonel and Mrs. Forbes of Corse, Sir Allan and Lady MacLean, Captain and Mrs. Lumsden of Clova. Lord Forbes is the twenty-second Baron, and premier Baron of Scotland. Lady Forbes is the Earl of Lichfield's sister. They were the Prime Minister's host for his interrupted Easter holiday

Social Register

More Weddings of the Week

Fayer

Captain Heber Percy and Miss Parker Bowles

Captain Algernon George William Heber Percy, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Heber Percy, of Hodnet Hall, Salop, and Daphne Wilma Parker Bowles, daughter of Eustace Parker Bowles, of Far Croft, Market Drayton, Salop, had a big country wedding at St. Mary's, Market Drayton, with a reception at the home of the bridegroom's parents. The bride's brother married Anne de Trafford a month or two ago

Mr. Peter Lunn and the Hon. Antoinette Preston

Peter Lunn and Antoinette Preston, sister of Viscount Gormanston, Premier Viscount of Ireland, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. Peter Lunn is the elder son of Arnold Lunn, the famous skier and mountaineer, and Lady Mabel Lunn, of 14, Hans Crescent, S.W.1, and grandson of the late Sir Henry Lunn, who died in March. The bride was given away by her brother, had three grown-up and three child attendants, who included the bridegroom's small cousins, Viscount St. Cyres and Lady Catherine Northcote, the Earl of Iddesleigh's children

Mr. Blackwood and Miss Dickinson

William Digby Blackwood, Royal Tank Corps, and Diana Dickinson, daughter of the late James Dickinson, K.C., and the late Lady Sempill, and granddaughter of Sir John Lavery, were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blackwood, of Boreham Holt, Elstree

Mr. Chadwyck-Healey and Miss Lubbock

Charles Arthur Chadwyck-Healey, younger son of Sir Gerald and Lady Chadwyck-Healey, and Viola Lubbock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lubbock, of 8, Chelsea Park Gardens, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church, and have gone to Normandy for their honeymoon

Capt. Hunt and Miss Curzon-Howe

Capt. David Hunt, son of Mrs. Walter Hunt, of 12, Neverne Mansions, S.W., and Elizabeth Anne Curzon-Howe, daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Assheton Curzon-Howe, and Lady Curzon-Howe, of Clifton Castle, Yorks., had a country wedding at Thornton Watlass

Mr. David Gordon and Miss June Boissier

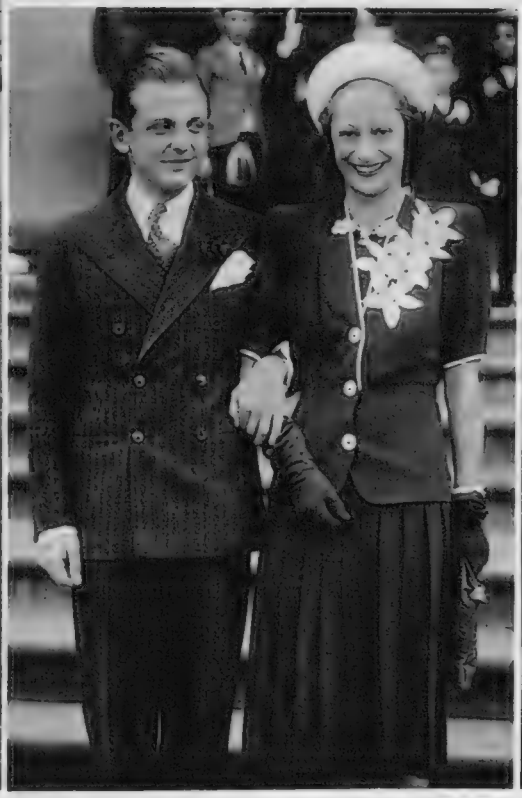
David George Ian Alexander Gordon, eldest son of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, of Wilmington Hall, Dartford, Kent, and nephew of the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, and Beatrice Mary June Boissier, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. B. Boissier, of Moretons, Harrow-on-the-Hill, were married by her grandfather, Canon F. S. Boissier, at Harrow Parish Church. Mr. Boissier was the bridegroom's housemaster when he was at Harrow

The Hon. Nicholas Hyde Villiers and Miss Forester

Queen Mary went to the wedding of Nicholas Hyde Villiers, son of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, and Mary Cecilia Georgina Forester, elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Forester, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Victoria Forester is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary. The bride's picture dress was of pale peach-pink organza embroidered with edelweiss, and her nine bridesmaids and three pages wore the same colour

Mr. Davis and Miss Anne Hope

Raymond Davis and Katharine Anne Hope, daughter of the late Colonel Sir John Hope, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Hope, of Pinkie House, Musselburgh, were married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh. The bridegroom is the son of Carl Davis, of Fryern, Storrington, Sussex



Mr. de Mier, and Mrs. Richardson

Sebastian de Mier and Mrs. Eve Richardson were married at Marylebone register office. He is the son of the late Bernado de Mier, and Mrs. Arbuthnot-Leslie, of Lickleyhead Castle, Aberdeenshire. She belongs to the American family who own Macey's Stores, was formerly the wife of "Patsy" Richardson

Mrs. Borrett and Lord Leitrim

The Earl of Leitrim and the Hon. Mrs. Anne Mary Chaloner Borrett were married at Caxton Hall register office. She is Lord Huntingfield's younger sister. Lord Leitrim, whose place is Mulroy, Co. Donegal, was divorced by his first wife seven years ago

"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth (15th Year)

By Eleanor E. Helme

Prize-Giver.

A very well-known Empire golfer, Miss Florence Harvey, came down to Wentworth to present the prizes. She founded the Canadian L.G.U. and the Natal L.G.U.

The Winners of the Cups

Mrs. A. H. Gilligan (Roehampton) and Miss Kathleen Garnham (Naze) won the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth with a score of 157 for the thirty-six-holes—83 on the East Course in the morning, 74 on the Centre Course after lunch. They won the event in 1937

ALL of us make mistakes, man being born to trouble, and one of my biggest was letting the word "Spring" appear in the title of the BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes. Perhaps fifteen years ago there were nice, balmy May days, but nowadays competitors have to be thankful for the smaller mercies of a day without a deluge, and for the roaring fire which awaits them when they come in from the icy blasts of north-east wind. Perhaps it would change the luck if we re-labelled the event "Thirty-six-Hole Medal Foursomes," or must competitions, like would-be lucky ships, bear the same name for ever?

At any rate, the weather must be held responsible for the indifferent scoring this year, although actually it was nothing like so bad as in 1938, when Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan swam round the East (or Old) course in 73.

HOWEVER, players seemed particularly cheery over Wentworth's log-fires, and the glow of both penetrated to the table where Mrs. Gordon Black, Mrs. Dinerman, Miss Beryl Harvey and I wrestled with the returns.

Accordingly, this can be no eye-witness account of how Miss Garnham's long approach putts finished so close to the hole that Mrs. Gilligan had nothing to do but tap them into it; of how Mrs. Speed, undaunted by a water-logged bunker, took off her shoes and waded in; Mrs. Cohen followed suit fully shod; and how Mrs. Speed, still in her stockinged feet, tackled the putting.

Nor of how many couples, who had done not too badly on the longer East course, then destroyed themselves on the short Centre, largely because they debated "When is a pond not a pond?"; and so penalised themselves stroke and distance, instead of dropping behind under R. and A. rule for water hazards. Even the winners were not immune, and that pond at the fifth on the Centre had its share in the undoing of Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Elsie Corlett, who ought to have had the cups for the asking, Miss Jessie Anderson not having been able to come south to help Miss Wanda Morgan defend their joint property.

AT lunch-time, nobody was taking great note of the eventual winners, Miss Garnham and Mrs. Gilligan. They had played on the East course, which had extracted no fewer than 83 shots from them, 18 of those at the five short holes.

The best scratch score on the East course by the end of the morning was four strokes better than theirs—79, from Mrs. Peppercorn and Mrs. Lovett Cameron; and best it remained throughout the day. Miss Corlett and Miss Wilson, the former playing beautifully, according to all accounts, were hard on their heels with 80. Lady Katherine Cairns ("Flannel Foot" is her latest nickname, after the drain-pipe episode at Camberley Heath) and Miss Shelagh Gibbs, Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Miss Julia Hill coming next with 81.

Handicap list on the East was headed at lunch-time with 76 from Mrs. Peppercorn and Mrs. Cameron, also from Mrs. Alison and Mrs. McCarthy, from Stoke Poges, and these latter were also unbeaten all day, their 45 home—rare good going for a 30-handicap pair—winning them the tie and the prizes.

ON the Centre course, that sound Essex couple, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Iorns, led with 77 gross; Miss Regnart and Miss Doris Park were 78; Mrs. King and Miss Janet Jackson, Mrs, Guedalla and Miss Anne Heywood, were 79; Mrs. John Morrison and Mrs. Borrodaile, 80; Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Armstrong, a promising sounding pair if ever there was one, would have been in front of any of them but for eight excess putts.

As to handicap on that course, Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Heywood's 74 net looked healthy for some time, but Mrs. D. King and Mrs. T. A. MacDonnell, joint handicap pair of 25 handicap, from West Middlesex, bettered that with 71½, and that remained triumphant all day, though Mrs. A. McNair and Miss Fyshe, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson and Mrs. Doake joined the glad throng in the afternoon, only to lose the tie on the last nine holes, which Mrs. King's side had taken in a splendid 41.

WHEN the second-round cards began to come in, the first thing obvious was that the figured squares so carefully prepared for aggregate scores were much too optimistic. The 140's, either scratch or handicap, stayed inviolate; extra sheets were hastily made out, and at 158 there appeared Mrs. Hicks and Miss Hill, Mrs. McNair and Miss Fyshe, Miss Regnart and Miss Park. But above them sat, serene at 157, Miss K. Garnham and Mrs. A. H. Gilligan, 83 on the East plus 74 on the Centre, and nobody outed them. Miss Corlett and Miss Wilson were 160, having wrecked themselves with a needless eight, through the pond and neglect of the helpful rule at the fatal fifth on the Centre.

(*Concluded on page viii*)

Handicap Winners and Their

The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson and Mrs. Doake (right), a Wentworth couple, playing off 17, for the thirty-six holes with 148 net. They played Mrs. G. B. Dove (Addington) and Mrs.

Miss Julia Hill (Camberley Heath) and Mrs. S. V. Hicks (Roehampton) (left and second from right) returned 81+77=158, tieing for second place with Mrs. McNair and Miss Fyshe, Miss Park and Miss Regnart (see below). With them here are Miss Morgan (Rochester and Cobham) and Miss Chambers (Wirrall), whose score was 86+78=164. Miss Morgan and Miss Anderson were the holders

Miss Sheila Stroyan (Sunningdale), the 1938 Girl champion, and Miss Joan Negretti (Worplesdon) did both their rounds in 83. They played with a couple from Ferndown, Mrs. Beard and Mrs. Hickman

Of this foursome—Miss Rosemary Powell (Cooden Beach), Mrs. Lovett Cameron (W. Sussex), Miss Beryl Pockett (Worthing), Mrs. Peppercorn (Copt Heath)—the first and third returned 83+82=165, and the second and fourth had the third best score with 79+80=159

The centre pair, Mrs. C. Armstrong and Miss Pam Barton (R. Mid-Surrey), who recently won the London Foursomes, returned 81+84=165. On each side of them are Mrs. Borradaile (Camberley Heath) and Mrs. John Morrison (Woking)

Opponents

left and second from con the Handicap Prize heir two rounds with Beevor (Purley Downs)

Centre Course Scratch Winners

Mrs. Andrew McNair (Wentworth) and Miss M. Fyshe (Sunningdale) won the Centre Course Scratch prize with 75. Their total of 83 + 75 = 158 made them tie for second place in the whole event with two other couples

Centre Course Handicap Winners

Mrs. J. A. MacDonnell and Mrs. D. King (W. Middlesex) won the Centre Course handicap prize with a net 71½, playing off 12½. Their opposite numbers in the tournament were Mrs. N. A. J. Cohen (Worplesdon) and Mrs. R. W. Speed (Huntercombe)

Second Best

Miss Doris Park (Gullane) and Miss Audrey Regnart (Walton Heath) were the third couple to tie for second place. They returned 80 + 78 = 158

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The English Championship

THE fifteenth championship organised by the English Golf Union was played on the course of the Birkdale Golf Club, near Southport, and resulted in a win for Arnold L. Bentley, of the neighbouring Hesketh Golf Club, who defeated W. Sutton, of the Mere Country Club, in the final by 5 and 4.

Sutton was making his third appearance in the final of this event. He won it in 1929 at Gosforth Park, where he beat E. B. Tipping in the final by 3 and 2. On his way to victory he defeated Cyril Tolley in a snowstorm. In 1931 he reached the final at Hunstanton, where he lost to Leonard G. Crawley by one hole. Arnold Bentley also has nearly always done well in this championship; he reached the last eight at Deal in 1936 (the year his brother Harry won), where he was defeated by Cyril Tolley on the last green. In 1937 he also reached the last eight, where he lost to L. G. Crawley, again on the last green.

For championship golfers both finalists are short-hitters, with Bentley a little longer than Sutton. I heard several people express surprise that on this course, which plays very long and which has had its difficulties well advertised, two short players should reach the final. I have always held the view that the long hitter has a much greater advantage over his opponent on a short course than on a long one.

This may appear strange, but if you give the matter careful consideration I shall be surprised if you do not agree with me. On a short course the long player can drive many greens, or so nearly drive them that he has tiny shots for his seconds, and thus makes the game extremely easy for himself. On the other hand, at long two-shot holes the short player has of necessity to rely continually on a chip and one putt to get his four, which he very often gets, while the long hitter is tempted to go full out to reach the green in two shots, and in trying to do so very often finds trouble with either his tee shot or his second. Long hitting pays more on the Old Course at St. Andrews than on any other course I know; at Birkdale it was clearly not the great asset many expected that it would be.

IT must be admitted that the final this year was rather a dull affair; why it was so is difficult to understand. After watching it I came to the conclusion that for a match to be really interesting and good fun to watch, at least one of the players must be able to hit the ball vast distances.

Sutton, who usually chips and putts so well that he never minds being well short of the green in two shots at the long holes, could neither chip nor putt in this final. On the few occasions on which he did manage to get down in a chip and a putt it was due to a good putt and not to a good chip.

I cannot remember him, either in the morning or in the afternoon, putting a chip shot stone-dead, which is very unlike him, as he generally nearly holes two or three per round. I can only think that Sutton must have been a tired man on the day of the final. We know, and saw it clearly when R. Sweeny beat Lionel Munn in the final of the Amateur Championship of 1937, that a tired man fails at the short game and not at the long. Sutton certainly failed at the short game, which is as a rule his strongest point. Although Sutton did not have the narrow squeaks which Bentley had to reach the final, he had more close matches—in fact, five of the seven matches which he won to reach the final were decided on the seventeenth green or beyond.

BENTLEY got a great and not unlucky start in the final. Sutton played the first hole the better of the two and lost it as Bentley holed a six-yard putt while he missed one of four yards. If Bentley had missed, I have little doubt that Sutton would have holed. The second hole was won by Bentley very luckily: he pushed his tee shot to the right of the fairway, found a good lie, and then, with a wooden club, missed the bunker on the right short of the green by inches and ran down a narrow path between this bunker and another one on to the green. Sutton played a bad second, but if it had not kicked nearly at right angles to the left it would have finished on the left of the green. Things looked really bad for Sutton when at the fourth he hit a short chip shot much too hard when he had a great chance of reducing his opponent's lead. Sutton was now two down and, with a shade of luck the other way, might easily have been three up—a very big difference.

Sutton threw away another great chance at the fourteenth, where he had only to get down in three from a short distance from the green to square the match; he however took six shots for the hole, and allowed Bentley, who had played a bad tee shot, to halve it. At the fifteenth, after a lucky tee shot, Sutton very nearly holed his putt for a three and then missed a very short one to lose the hole. After this, Bentley took complete control of the match and was never again in danger of defeat. He finished the morning round four up, was seven up at the turn in the afternoon, and won at his ease on the fourteenth green.

Bentley on the day was clearly the better golfer. He out-putted and out-chipped his opponent—a state of affairs which must have greatly surprised those who had a knowledge of the former play of the finalists. Neither Bentley nor Sutton had played in the County Championship, which was played in a gale on the Saturday before the championship started. The play was neither good nor impressive. You can get some idea of the golf which was played from the fact that Sutton had an approximate score of 42 to the turn in both the morning and in the afternoon.

R.A.F. Serving Officers' Championship

Pilot-Officer R. S. Burles was runner-up at Ashridge. A former boy champion and a scratch player, he is here with P/O. O'Brien, whom he beat in the first round

Pilot-Officer G. Grant-Govan won the R.A.F. serving officers' championship at Ashridge by beating Pilot-Officer Burles by five and four in the final. Grant-Govan is here seen with his first-round victim, the holder—Sq.-Ldr. D. B. B. Field

Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward is honorary secretary of the R.A.F. Officers' Golfing Association, was photographed at the spring meeting at Ashridge with Group-Captain R. H. Knowles

Wing-Commander J. Silvester lost in the first round to Squadron-Leader L. W. Dickins by two holes; Dickins lost in the semi-final to the runner-up, Burles

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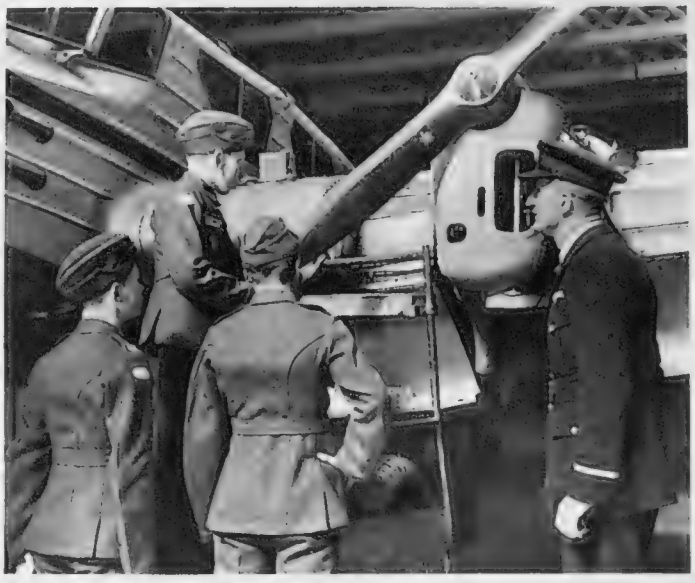
SUMMER

SHELL

FROM

MAY

TO OCTOBER



Cadets of 67 Squadron A.D.C.C., who are attached to Scottish Airways, getting their first close-up view of one of the Company's "Spartans" at Renfrew. Scottish Airways operates to the Western Isles, to the Orkneys and Shetlands

The Air Party Season

By Charles Ward

THE High Ball, the Air League's dinner and dance and not the American drink, is to be held at Grosvenor House on Monday next, May 15th. It will be rather unique amongst flying functions, in that there is no high table, no speeches and no free tickets. The last-named, at 27s. 6d. each, are strictly limited to 600, and any profits will go to the Air Defence Cadet Corps, which is, incidentally, more than 10,000 strong. Another 100 Squadrons will be formed this year, and money is required to equip poor boys with their uniforms, and for their expenses at summer camps where gliding is taught. On Sunday next, by kind permission of Mr. C. R. Fairey, the Royal Aeronautical Society will hold its annual Garden Party at the Great West Road aerodrome, Hayes. Tickets can be obtained only through members. It is the occasion for a fine display of flying, and there is an opportunity to examine at leisure most of our latest aircraft. Aerobatics will be revived with demonstrations of a "Fury" and a "Firefly," two of the most impressive fighters that have ever been built. The modern interceptor is designed for different work from that of its predecessors in the period before expansion came over us. "Hurricanes," "Spitfires," and still faster ones in the bag are not intended for low-flying, so for a thrill we have to return to 1934. By way of further contrast, aircraft designed and flown before 1914 will also take the air.

THE de Havilland Company has been honoured with instructions to provide the King's Flight with a "Flamingo," for the use of his Majesty and the Royal household. The new vehicle will be identical in all major respects with the type now in large-scale production at Hatfield for world air-line operations, and of which a considerable number are being supplied to the R.A.F. for the transport of personnel and equipment. The "Flamingo" weighs 7½ tons, and cruises at 210 m.p.h. As a passenger liner it has a range of 1250 miles, carrying a crew of three and ten passengers. Its engines are two Bristol "Perseus" sleeve-valve units of 900 horse-power. The "Vega Gull," from Percivals of Luton, is being supplied to Army Co-operation Squadrons for the use of the Staff in the field. It will be a liaison vehicle between aerodromes and Corps Headquarters, and is ideal for this purpose. Many Army officers are pilots, and can therefore assist in their own transport. The "Vega Gull" won fame as a record-breaker, particularly when flown by women. Miss Amy Johnson set up fast times to the Cape and back; Miss Jean Batten flew one to New Zealand; and Mrs. Beryl Markham crossed the Atlantic in a "Vega Gull." A "Gipsy" engine of 200 horse-power gives this monoplane a cruising speed of an easy 150 miles an hour.

IN our Special Flying Number, published last week, it was stated in error that British Airways services operated from Croydon, whereas all of them leave from Heston. Only the London-Paris services, run jointly with Imperials, depart from Croydon. Scottish Airways, with headquarters at Renfrew and Inverness, was formed at the end of 1937, by merging two old-established concerns, Northern and Scottish and Highland Airways. Both companies, operating over difficult country and under variable weather conditions, came into the merger with reputations already established for regularity and casualty-free operations.

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Hillman owners know the truth of this statement—here is a typical letter:

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

After the Fatted Calf

By V. S. Pritchett

THE second and succeeding meals of the returned prodigal were, one feels certain, an anticlimax after the fatted calf. As a gourmet down on his luck, had he not paid rather a steep price for his repentance? Dr. Shahani, returning to India after ten years, seems to have such a doubt, and *Indian Pilgrimage* (Michael Joseph; 15*s.*) explores it. Exile is bad for the soul, especially comfortable exile. But, after marrying a French wife and sitting for years at the feet of his peculiar gods—a mixed altar including A. E., Edward Garnett, André Maurois and Mr. Clifford Bax—it was difficult for Dr. Shahani not to say "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," though this was against his judgment of what a son and lover of India ought to feel. He assumed he would regain his lost roots; he returned to find an India rapidly tearing up her own. In the encounter both were shocked, for the uprooted are always shocking.

The gist of Dr. Shahani's experience seems to be that Indian life has deteriorated. Indianisation means, he says, vulgar upstart, intellectual and political jobbery, incompetence, nepotism and mere splash. The English, "expert at building roads which lead nowhere," have, he insinuates, led the Indians on. One heard the same kind of thing in Ireland after 1921. It is one of the half-truths of journalism and is duly half-true of every country where the second industrial revolution (if it is the second) is uprooting whole classes of the population. This is what many people mean when they speak, with a flourish of self-pity, of the return to barbarism. After all, what is the difference between Dr. Shahani and the people who jangled his nerves? They were acquiring the impedimenta of the West, but he was living intellectually on European capital.

So much for the background of Dr. Shahani. In the foreground one sees him being fleeced like any Englishman. His family, he found, combined the worst of the old, particularly the tyranny of women in the home, with the most raffish of the new. Rapacity was the chief note. When was he going to shell out, the celebrated European son? When was he going to buy a Rolls-Royce, pension his grandmother, pay his brother's gambling losses? They waited on him hand and foot. They flattered his wife. They were astonished when he and his wife wanted to be on their own and to enjoy privacy, that great European gift. If he moved, he should buy a house and they'd all move with him. It sickened Dr. Shahani. How far he had travelled! Burning to impress neighbours with cars, wealth, parties and quantities of brandy—the social prestige of brandy in India appears to be high—they turned on him and said he was *pukka* (close-fisted) when he refused. They knew, they said, that authors made fortunes—an odd view in a country where literature is a despised profession.

Were the family really so vulgar? Is it true that a well-off, vulgar, half-baked Indian class has sprung up, aping the Europeans, nasty with inferiority complex? Dr. Shahani's visits to political and educational circles repeats the family farce; yet in what part of the world, one asks again, is this not so? One need not go farther than Tudor Middlesex. Only an established civilisation can conceal its sores.

It is difficult to form a judgment on Indian books. The Oriental mind is astonishingly imitative, and the Europeanised Indian is certainly sentimental. One kind of Indian wishes for Rolls-Royces, another for European culture. For what? They are sedulous veneers. Dr. Shahani is saved by a sharp individuality. He has acquired the French-trained eye, his judgment, to a considerable extent, is his own. Snooty though he is, and sometimes wrong-headed as exiles often become, he is a witty, acid and fluent writer.

Leonard Huskinson

Is the young artist who designed four large mural panels for the British Pavilion in the New York World's Fair. Huskinson studied at the Slade, is a regular exhibitor at the R.A., has had several one-man shows. In his panels, he was assisted by Alan Carr

"UNTOUCHABLE" and *Coolie*, the earlier books of Mulk Raj Anand, are not only the best Indian novels of the last twenty years, but they have a place in English literature. *The Village* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a fine, humane piece of writing, though less lively. It is the story of a Sikh peasant's childhood before the Great War, a picture of village life and of how a spirited youth, bored by his custom-ridden environment, clears out, joins the Army and goes to France. The main virtues of this kind of novel are its unusual material—what, for instance, does a Sikh feel about the British Army?—and that it sets down the people in their own terms. It does not portray them with foreign condescension from outside. The night escape of the boys going to the fair, the hysterical family situation which follows on his getting his long hair cut and the brutal pelting and beating-up he receives from the villagers after the family have done with him—things like this are hot and garrulous from the Indian scene. These rustics are noble, grotesque and pitiable with their law suits, their money-lenders, their common love of each other and their fear of death. Only the occasional English figure is a flat type taken from the familiar pile of hackneyed satire. It embarrasses me to give the real reason for the undertone of dullness in this capable book; Mr. Anand writes English with the ease and vocabulary of one familiar with all our masters. This English is commendable, but it is, after all, a lowest common denominator and not especially his own, and the effect is of being among the stilted gilt of an old-fashioned theatre. I had not this impression of his earlier prose.

THERE are two other novels, both American. In *Lamb to the Slaughter*, by A. A. Fair (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), there is the usual amusing poker-faced talk, the general air of being morally and emotionally down and out which makes detective fiction at once so slick, so unreal and so boring; and these are tied round an original idea about a tough old grannie who runs a private enquiry agency. Half of the book is readable, but the author gets tediously liberal with his false clues and then Mr. Fair fouls. *We Lived as Children*, by Kathryn Hulme (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is far better, in spite of some vagueness and jumpiness in the narrative. A family of children grow up and become aware that their mother and father are divorced. Loyalties divide. Some set childish traps for their mother. Father is a strong-willed, rich man who turns up occasionally, startles by doing what he likes and by obeying his "demon." The scene is San Francisco of the earthquake and fire. This is an honest childhood book, mildly sentimental perhaps, but sensitive, gay and sensible, very observant and adventurous The children were sharp critics of their father's new, short-term wife. She was a pathetic one whom father married when he was sorry for himself, and whose face "squeezed together like a sponge when she smiled," as though she were going to cry instead.

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The Winner and the Cup

Jack Barclay's grey and chromium Rolls-Royce "Wraith" won the "Sketch" Cup (seen on the right) in the R.A.C. Brighton Rally. The "Sketch" Cup, presented by Illustrated Newspapers, is a premier award in the coachwork competition, is offered for the best four-door saloon, irrespective of price

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE action of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in raising the horse-power tax on cars from 15s. per horse-power to 25s. is a crushing imposition. I can almost hear the creaking of the official mind at work. "If we bring it up to £1 per horse-power we may lose more on the petrol tax swings than we shall gain on the registration roundabouts—and, besides, if a man can afford a big car at all he can afford 25s. per horse-power." Against this type of contention it is very hard to argue. Not because it is a logical argument, but because it presupposes such a lot. Blandly to penalise the owner of a large car *because* he is the owner of a large car is not my idea of reasoned action. And what of the manufacturers, the traders and the thousands of workpeople directly and indirectly employed in producing large cars? Production flow cannot be switched over from 20 h.p. cars to 8 h.p. cars at the whim of bureaucracy.

IF the new taxes pass through Parliament and become operative, I predict the worst unemployment figures in the motor industry (and this, remember, is Great Britain's third largest industry) that we have seen since the war. We all know the deplorable inadequacy of British roads for modern motor traffic requirements, and we all know how anxious the railway interests are to curb the further expansion of private and goods motor transport. It may be a coincidence, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that this new scale of taxation must result in fewer cars on the roads and more travellers in the trains.

To my way of thinking, though, the most serious aspect of all is the effect of this new scale upon our motor exports. Overseas markets demand high-powered cars. Until recently we in this country have concentrated principally upon low-powered vehicles, but just lately a number of British firms have produced excellent examples of large cars which have enjoyed considerable sales in the Colonies and elsewhere abroad. Even so, these export sales are not enough in themselves to make production of such cars an economic proposition without a home market as well.

Deprived by taxation of the home market, British cars will lose the overseas market just at the time when our exports were building up nicely. And this, in vicious turn, will enable our foreign competitors to increase their turnover and so to reduce their prices that—even in the unlikely event of this increase being repealed at a later date—British manufacturers will be faced with an impossible task in attempting to recapture their lost overseas market.

RECENTLY I had the very real pleasure of using a 3½-litre S.S. Jaguar for a week-end of long and fast motoring. I cannot speak too highly of this delightful car.

In many modern cars one is called upon to sacrifice something of appearance to performance or something of performance to comfort. What I like about the Jaguar is that in this car one is not asked to make any sacrifice at all. Its elegant appearance and supreme comfort are rendered all the more impressive by its quite astonishingly snappy performance. Considering its genuine 95 m.p.h. maximum and its knife-edge acceleration, it is extraordinarily

(*Concluded on page* vi)

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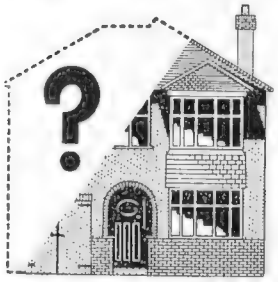

—with no idea what the other half was like. So why buy shoes without knowing what the leather is like. Leather is more than half a shoe, and half its cost too! Better choose shoes of branded leather—VEEBEX Leather—because it is made specially soft and pliable for comfort, yet specially tough for hard work, specially durable for extra long wear. It pays to look for the name VEEBEX Leather—it's on the tie-on label. Specially suitable for golf.

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In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 8/- and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies "Scotland for the Holidays," "Land of Scott and Burns," "Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond," "Through the Trossachs."

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L M S "SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE" 3d.

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Checking-in at Torquay

At Torquay, where the R.A.C. Rally control was at the Grand Hotel, this picture of Lady Chetwynd and Miss G. Saunders Davies was taken. They drove a Ford "V-8," entered by Lord Chetwynd

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

docile to handle. The gear-change is a positive delight; the brakes are excellent and the general feeling of stability when cornering at speed inspires that confidence in the driver without which safety cannot be assured.

In two days and a night I covered some seven hundred miles in the Jaguar. I have never before driven any car for such long distances without at least some slight feeling of fatigue at the end.

THIS year's R.A.C. Rally was quite the most enjoyable I can remember. And this, despite very unsympathetic weather. To the Rolls-Royce and the Alvis companies hearty congratulations on their cars having been adjudged the most handsome in the closed and open classes, respectively. Indeed, Saturday, April 29th was a red-letter day in the life of Jack Barclay, for not only was his lovely Phantom III. limousine the victorious Rolls-Royce entry, but on that memorable day he also scored his first victory on the Turf when his lately-acquired horse, Salmon Bar, won for him at Hurst Park.

My own most notable memory of the Rally concerns an incident at Tenby. In the course of a broadcast in the late News on the Monday, before the start from Stratford-on-Avon on the Tuesday morning, I had let slip in an unguarded moment that my car was No. 165. Arrived at Tenby, I got out of the car and hustled into the Rally Control Office with the Route Card. Immediately a diminutive Welshman approached Alan Hunt, my co-driver, and enquired politely "No. 165—that is you, indeed?"

"Yes," replied Hunt, "that 's me."

"Mr. Alan Hess?" he asked.

"Mr. Hess is inside the hotel," he was told.

"But you are with him, yes?"

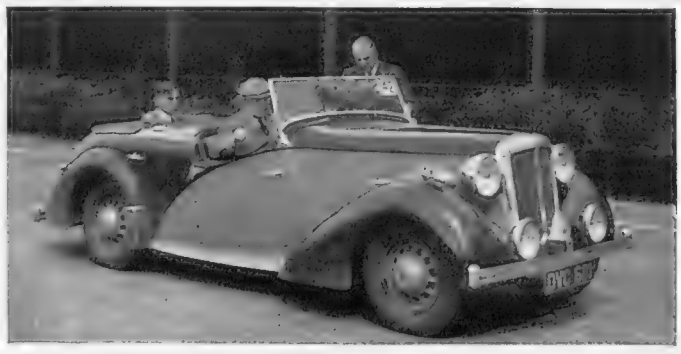
"Yes——"

"Well, please will you give him this message to say I heard him on the air last night, and when he said the number of his car is 165, I looked it up, and No. 165 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past'? Thank you"—and, raising his bowler, our well-wisher hurried away.

I HAVE lately seen one of the most sensible refinements for modern cars which has been introduced in recent years — rubber number-plates.

"Why *rubber* number-plates?" you may ask. I asked that, too. When the advantages were explained I could have kicked myself for not having realised them for myself. To start with, such plates do not buckle, crack or rattle, nor do they rust. They are very smart and easy to keep clean, and—most important of all—they do not *dazzle*.

Scotland Yard cars, I am told, are being equipped with these plates, and I can assure you that they greatly improve the appearance of any car.



Winner in His Class

R. S. Crouch won the award for open cars, from £601 to £1000, in the R.A.C. Brighton Rally with this attractive Daimler "Eighteen"

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"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth (Continued from page 236.)

For a long time Miss Garnham and Mrs. Gilligan headed the handicap aggregates too, sharing 153 with Miss Joan Stocker and Mrs. Miller Stirling, Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Heywood, Mrs. Alison and Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Peppercorn and Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Mrs. John Morrison and Mrs. Borrodaile.

But not only do the rules prevent the scratch cup winners taking any more of the spoils: Mrs. Hicks and Miss Hill, Miss McLintock and Mrs. C. H. Mills at 150; Mrs. McNair and Miss Fyshe, Miss Black and Mrs. Hanmer at 151, first outed Miss Garnham's side, and then, almost last, but far from least, in came Mrs. Anson and Mrs. Doake with a splendid 85—13½=71½, to add to their net 76½ on the East, and to win handicap aggregate with a flourish at 175—27=148.

After that, all that remained was for Miss Florence Harvey, who founded the Canadian L.G.U., the Natal L.G.U., twice won the Canadian Championship, and is an old friend at British championships, to present the prizes, and say nice things about the golf she had watched all day from inside a fur coat. It was good to hear from her at first hand what the visit of a British touring team means to golfers in the Dominions, and what she said ought to redouble the efforts to raise the needful amount for the L.G.U. international match and hospitality fund.

Mrs. Herbert Guedalla (Walton Heath) and Miss Anne Heywood (Princes) returned the sixth best score in the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth with 84+79=163

So much other good golf has been played that the lack of space to describe it seems woeful. I should like to do justice to Hampshire's two wins from Essex at Hayling, and from Kent at Blackmoor; to the fine promise shown by Miss Jean Kerr and Miss Ruttle when Surrey twice beat Middlesex at Woking; to the heroic struggles at West Hill, when Parliamentary beat Legal soundly, and only lost by the odd match to the Services in the final of the Wilton Shield; above all, to the mighty tussles at Ranelagh in the Veterans' Championship, and the gigantic dinner of the "Vets" at the Park Lane Hotel. But I did not even see Mrs. Bason, fresh from her Northern Foursomes triumph, beat Mrs. Beard in one "Vets" semi-final, and Mrs. Temple Dobell win the other at the twenty-first from Miss Chambers; nor Mrs. Dobell beat Mrs. Bason 3 and 2 in the final, for that day I was at West Hill, marvelling how the Parliamentary, from being the Cinderella of the four original associations, now should, on form, have won the Shield.

I did get to Camberley when Lady Katherine Cairns achieved her now famous climb, and Miss Elsie Corlett played quite perfect golf, and the Hazards Men's G.S. just beat Miss Wilson's team—and a wetter day I never saw.

And now for Bystander Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry next week.

The Monthly "Spoon" Results, unavoidably held over, will appear next week.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Janet Jevons

Stella Locker Lampson

Is the second daughter of the Right Hon. Godfrey Locker Lampson, P.C., of 171, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue; she is engaged to George Godfrey-Faussett, elder son of Sir Bryan and Lady Godfrey-Faussett, of The Ranger's Lodge, Hyde Park

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Fitzgerald Dalton

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fitzgerald Dalton, of 5b, Ashburn Place, S.W.7; her fiancé is Charles Henry Lyon Anderton, only son of Col. and Mrs. Lyon Anderton, of Summer Court, Harrogate

Pearl Freeman

Leslie Ray Logan

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Logan, of Aylburton Lodge, Lydney, Glos.; she is engaged to John Frederick Croome, only son of the late W. F. Croome and Mrs. Croome, of Greenhouse Lodge, Painswick, Glos.

Pearl Freeman

Mary Alison Burnett-Stuart

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Burnett-Stuart, of Home Green House, Hertford, and is to marry in June Captain William Alexander Disney Innes, Gordon Highlanders, son of Capt. J. W. G. Innes, R.N., and Mrs. Innes, of Maryculter House, Milltimber, Kincardineshire

Catherine Bell

Julia Betty Leigh

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. Claude Leigh, of Foliejon Park, Winkfield, Berks.; her engagement was announced in April to Charles Blaise La Coste, son of the late Captain and Mrs. C. J. C. La Coste

Pearl Freeman

Nan Mellor

Is the only daughter of the late Salusbury Mellor and Mrs. Alfred Westmacott, of Norcott, Bembridge, I.O.W.; she is to marry on June 21st, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Charles Fenwick, elder son of the late Capt. C. H. Fenwick

Lenare

Eve Slingsby Bethell

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. U. Slingsby Bethell, of 2, Church Place Brighton; her fiancé is Lt. Warwick Bracegirdle, R.A.N., son of Capt. L. S. Bracegirdle, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A.N., and Mrs. Bracegirdle, of Government House Cottage, Canberra, Australia

Lenare

Jacqueline Sylvia Fox

Is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincoln; she is to marry John Guy Bedford, only son of Major and Mrs. C. S. Bedford, of Old Sleningford Hall, Ripon, Yorks.

Catherine Bell

Doris Hagedorn

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hagedorn, of 28, Cambridge Park, Twickenham, and is to marry Geoffrey Cameron, only son of Sir Donald and Lady Cameron, of Dulasmore, Pinner Hill, Middlesex

Lenare

Mary Melville Macfayden

Is the only child of Mr. ana Mrs. Melville Macfayden, of Beach Hill, Campbelltown, Argyllshire, and is engaged to Archibald David Manisty Ross, H.M. Diplomatic Service, son of the late J. A. Ross and Mrs. Ross, of Boar's Hill, Oxford

Lenare

Elisabeth Jeudwine

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jeudwine, of The Manor, Sleaford, Lincs.; she is engaged to Ambrose John Hutton-Squire, of 47, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, second son of Major and Mrs. Hutton-Squire, of Hollby Hall, Northallerton, Yorkshire

Lenare

Delphine McConaghey

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. F. McConaghey and Mrs. McConaghey, of Garden End, Fleet, Hants., and is engaged to John Mildmay Ricketts, 2nd/12th (2nd Sikhs) the Frontier Force Regiment, only son of Major and Mrs. E. W. C. Ricketts, of Norney House, Bramley, Surrey

(Concluded on page D)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Inglis — Macintyre

William Murray Inglis, R.E., elder son of the late W. Wood Inglis, and Mrs. Inglis, of Abinger Hammer, Surrey, and Moira Fay Macintyre, daughter of Captain and Mrs. D. C. Macintyre, of Rochebey, Jersey, were married at St. James's, Abinger

Begbie — Terry

Duncan A. D. Begbie and Alice Cicely Terry were married by the Bishop of London in the Chapel of Fulham Palace. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Allan F. K. Begbie, of 22, Edith Grove, S.W.10, and she is the daughter of the late Canon G. F. Terry, and Mrs. Terry, of 11, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3

Cullin — Campbell

Anthony L. M. Cullin, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cullin, and Celia Elizabeth Lochnell Campbell, only daughter of the late Captain J. A. L. Campbell, Yr., of Jura, and Mrs. Campbell, of 105, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, S.W.3, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Ogden — Bullock

Dennis Morritt Ogden, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ogden, of 68, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and Pearl Avril Bullock, daughter of Mrs. C. F. Bullock, of 22, Cambalt Road, S.W.15, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Malim — Lewis

Lieut. David Malim, R.N., son of F. B. Malim, late Headmaster of Wellington College, and Mrs. Malim, married Theodora Katharine Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Thackwell Lewis, of the Old Rectory, Great Hampden, Bucks., at Great Hampden Church

Swan — Robinson

James Mitchell Swan, son of T. Edward Swan, of Glasslough, Co. Monaghan, and the late Mrs. Swan, and Gwendoline M. A. Robinson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Robinson, of Terrace Hill, Shaw's Bridge, Co. Down, were married at St. John's, Malone

Meyer — Garton

Derek L. R. Meyer, son of Canon and Mrs. Rollo Meyer, of Manor End, Little Gaddesden, Herts, and Alison Moya (Jane) Garton, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. A. Garton, of the Manor House, Pylle, Somerset, were married at Ditcheat Parish Church

Salmon — Macmillan

Captain Alexander Salmon, H.L.I., son of Colonel and Mrs. Salmon, and Jean Barbara Macmillan, daughter of the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Macmillan, of Bishop's House, Farnham Castle, Surrey, were married at Farnham Parish Church by her father

Ducat-Hamersley — Newall

Capt. Hugh John Ducat-Hamersley, O.B.L.I., elder son of Major and Mrs. Ducat-Hamersley, of Pyrton Manor, Watlington, Oxon., and Tara Newall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Newall, of Chelmarch, Eastbourne, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 10—May 16

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INQUEST.—From the Embassy, this thriller is set in a coroner's court, with Herbert Lomas, Hilda Trevelyan, Antoinette Cellier: Duke of York's, 8.30.

THE INTRUDER (ASMODÉE).—Skilful portrayal of the clash of personalities, ages and passions in a French family, by Jill Furse, Peter Coke, Eric Portman: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THIRD PARTY RISK.—A good thriller with a new idea in body-line; Nora Swinburne, John Wyse: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

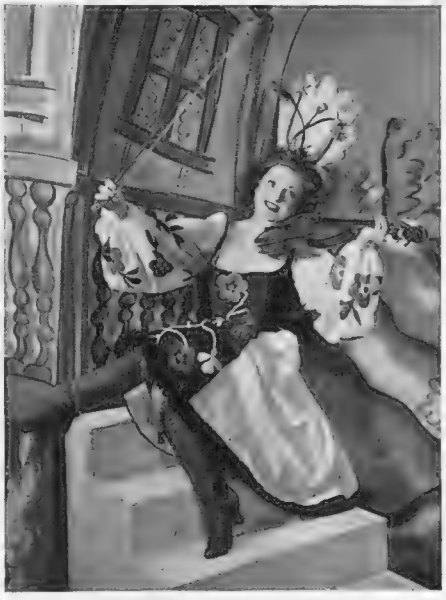
REVUDEVILLE NO. 120.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).



Hermione Baddeley

Is the plat de résistance in most of the courses in Herbert Farjeon's spicy Little Revue, the successor to "Nine Sharp," and one of her best turns is this wild Zigeuner girl. A review of the Revue is on page 213

First Nights

BRIDGE HEAD.—The Mask Theatre company and some Dublin Abbey players join to act this Irish tragi-comedy: Westminster, to-night, 10th.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—The comedy by N. C. Hunter comes to town from Richmond: Criterion, Tues., 16th.

CINEMAS

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon in a sombre, strong film almost true to Zola's original: Paris.

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT (American).—The U.S. version of the fashion for military academy stories—a tough, patriotic, sporting tale of America's Sandhurst: London Pavilion.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent, vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Berkeley.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Marble Arch Pavilion.

J'ÉTAIS UNE AVENTURIÈRE (French).—Edwige Feuillère gets into a lot of scrapes, finishes in Jean Murat's arms: Academy.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne act well in a simple, charming romance: Carlton.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice, Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

TAIL SPIN (American).—Alice Faye as an aviatrix: New Gallery.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont.

Premiere

MIDNIGHT (American).—John Barrymore, Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Francis Lederer, in a social drama of Paris; Queen Mary will attend: Plaza, Thurs., 11th.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

DIE VERKAUFTE BRAUT (Beecham).—To-night, 10th, 8.15.

TURANDOT (Lambert).—Thurs., 11th, 8.15.

IL TROVATORE (Gui).—Fri., 12th, 8.

TOSCA (Gui).—Mon., 15th, 8.30.

TANNHÄUSER (Weingartner).—Tues., 16th, 7.45.

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARMEN.—To-night, 10th, 8.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, CUPID AND PSYCHE, JOB.—Thurs., 11th, 8.30.

FAUST (with ballet).—Fri., 12th, 8.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Sat., 13th, 7.30.

HUGH THE DROVER, JOB.—Sat., 13th, 8.

HAUNTED BALLROOM, CUPID AND PSYCHE, PATINEURS.—Tues., 16th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals:

TAUBER.—Queen's Hall, Mon., 15th, 8.30.

YVETTE GUILBERT.—Wigmore Hall, Tues., 16th, 8.30.

London Music Festival:

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Griller string quartet and four soloists in Brahms' clarinet quintet, Schubert's octet in F: National Gallery, Thurs., 11th, 8.30.

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Toscanini conducts the orchestra in Beethoven's sixth (Pastoral) and fifth symphonies: Queen's Hall, Fri., 12th, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The New Hungarian string quartet in quartets by Haydn ("The Lark"), Beethoven (C sharp minor), Ravel (F major): Burlington House, Mon., 15th, 8.30.

ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC.—Choirs affiliated to the School of Church Music under Sir Sydney Nicholson: Royal Albert Hall, Tues., 16th, 7.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Cambridge Madrigal Society and soloists in Haydn's "Mars" in B flat, Schubert's Gesang der Geister, Mozart's Vesperæ Solennes: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 14th, 8.30.

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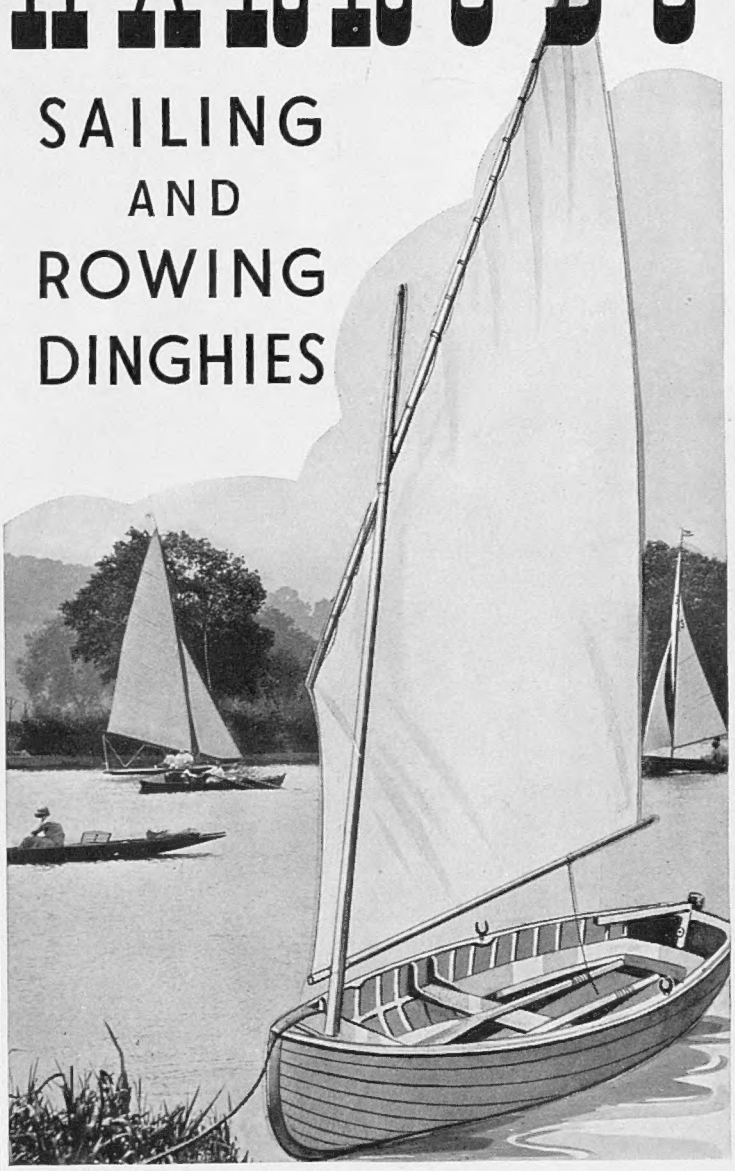

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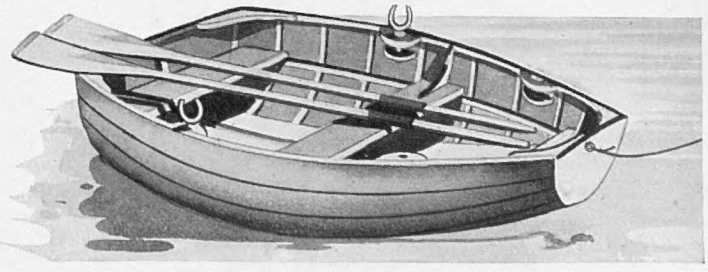

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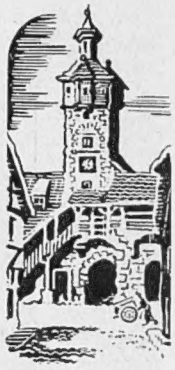

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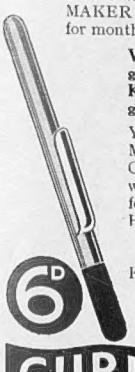

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